The Saturday Evening Post

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LOVE AND RAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA WHEELER.

There's a sob of pain in the dripping rain,
As it droppeth adown the eaves;
And it ripples along with a mournful song,
And falls on the drooping leaves.

It grieves for the smart of a loving heart,
And an eye that has lost its light;
For the thoughtless word that my lover heard
As we stood by the gate last night.

'Twas a foolish jest at the very best,
But I did not mean to pain.
Yet he left me there in the twilight air,
And he came not back again.

There is nothing of pain in the dripping rain
But a merry, laughing sound,
And it ripples along with a musical song,
For my lover lost is found.

And the chain that was broke by the word I spoke,
We have welded fast once more,
And the severed link is stronger I think
Than ever it was before.

Beat, oh! rain at the window pane,
Drop from the dripping boughs;
It matters not, for my heart is fraught
With the joy of its new-made vows.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

SUNSHINE GONE OUT FOREVER.

The advance portion of Caroline Kage's delusive dream was suddenly realized. Between ten and eleven o'clock on a brilliant June morning—the one mentioned in the last chapter—Thomas Kage walked in. Caroline's heart leaped up within her; in her tumultuous joy, she could scarcely believe his appearance real.

And Mrs. Kage's spirits went down in about an equal proportion. Mr. Canterbury's attentions had become so palpable, that Mrs. Kage thought some climax must be at hand, or ought to be. Letters touching her law-business arrived conveniently quick: one that same morning. She had been telling Caroline to take it up to Mr. Canterbury, and what to say about it, when they were thus broken in upon by Thomas Kage. Mrs. Kage was struck into a state of dismay at the unwelcome interruption, and at thought of the mischief it might work to the smooth on-flow of existing things. In answer to her short questions, he said he had taken the night-train down to Aberton; and he said no more. Mrs. Kage inwardly wished the train had buried itself in some dangerous cutting en route, and him with it.

"Business at Aberton, I suppose, as usual," she observed resentfully.

"No, I had no business at Aberton this time," was Mr. Kage's answer.

"You must have had a warm walk from there."

"Not very. It is an exceedingly delightful morning, Mrs. Kage, with a pleasant breeze.—Will you come out with me presently, and try it?" he added pointedly to Caroline.

She neither said yes nor no. His coming down had put her into a perplexing state of indecision. *Was* that vision of hers about to be realized? Had fortune come to him? Quite accidentally, Mrs. Kage caused the question to be solved.

"Are you getting on well in your profession?"

"Not well; very slowly," he answered. "In fact, so slowly, that I am not sure but I shall give it up, and try my luck in another line."

Caroline listened. She could have laughed a bitter laugh at her own fond folly. And that fair hopeful dream, as connected with fortune and Thomas Kage, flew abruptly away forever.

Getting the letter into her possession, she put on her prettiest bonnet, and contrived to quit the house unseen. Something in his manner, when he had asked her to go out with him, imparted to her an almost certain conviction that he wanted to speak of his love: in these matters, there is a language not to be misunderstood: and Caroline would fain shun the interview. But she did not dare remain long at the Rock, lest he should come in search of her.

This he did. While she and Mr. Canterbury stood together at the stile in close converse, Thomas Kage walked across the field and joined them. Vexed at the inopportune interruption, Mr. Canterbury was rather short with the young barrister, in spite of his real liking for him, and turned back home again after a shake of the hand and a few words.

"Why did you not tell me you were going to the Rock, Caroline?" began Mr. Kage, as he assisted her over the stile, and they proceeded onwards. "I would have walked with you."

In defiance of the warm love that glowed within her, tingling her pulses, flushing her cheeks, Caroline Kage steeled her heart against him. The very effort to do it—the consciousness that it must be done—rendered her manner cold, abrupt and petulant.

"That is just why I did not tell you," she said. "I wanted to go alone."

"Will you take my arm?"

"No, thank you. It's not the fashion to take arms in this part of the world."

"It was, the last time I was down here. Do you remember our moonlight walk over these same paths? And I think you were just now leaning on Mr. Canterbury's."

"But he is so very close a friend."

"And I am your cousin."

"A great many degrees removed," she said, with a little nervous laugh.

"The more the better, Caroline, in one point of view. What a beau he is getting!"

"Who is?"

"Old Canterbury. He is ten years younger, to look at him, than he was two months ago. What has he been doing to himself?"

"How came you to pay us a visit to-day, and to come without sending word?" quickly inquired Caroline, as if anxious to pass by the subject of Mr. Canterbury's looks.

"I came to see you, Caroline."

"Oh!" she slightingly said, wishing she had wings and could fly away. "I thought you always had business at Aberton. Don't say any more about it; I would rather not know."

"First of all, I wish to tell you some news, Caroline," he continued quietly; "and then I would ask your advice. I have had a post offered me in India, and I am deliberating whether it will or will not be worth my while to give up the law and accept it. The commencing salary would be seven hundred pounds a-year; the rise, they say, tolerably rapid. In six or seven years from this it might be fifteen hundred—rather more than doubled."

"You do not make seven hundred a-year in London?"

"Nothing like it; I wish I did; there'd be no question then of my leaving it. This year I expect to make about three hundred, all told."

"Then I should go to India," she said, with animation. "You may never have such a chance thrown in your way again. Accept it at once, without hesitation. I should start by the next mail."

"Should you? Is that your deliberate advice?"

"Yes."

"I could not go alone, Caroline."

The moment was coming. She hated it very much, simply because she knew she should be false both to him and herself. Her face took a white hue.

"If I can—can induce one to go out with me, my loving companion, and share my fortunes, then I will go. Otherwise, I stay and fight out my fate in England."

Caroline Kage did not answer. Her manner and face had grown cold as a stone. He resumed, turning on her his good honest eyes, speaking in a low, steady, tender tone.

"A great hope has lain within me for several months now; in fact, since that sojourn at the sea-side last year; you and I have met twice since then, and with each time it has grown brighter and surer. I did not speak of it; while my future was so doubtful, it was impossible to do so in honor; neither did I betray it by so much as a look—at least, not willingly; in these cases there lies generally a tacit understanding, arising one knows not how or whence, and I think you have understood me. When this post was first placed at my disposal, my impulse was to reject it. But I considered it well; and I saw that it might present a solution to what seemed a hard fate—prolonged, interminable waiting—if you also could be brought to regard it, with your mother's approbation, in the same light. And so I determined to lay the case before you, and ask you, Caroline, to go out to India with me."

She was a little agitated, opening her lips to speak and closing them again abruptly. Her color went and came.

"I wish you to understand fully, before deciding, Caroline; not for worlds would I induce you to take a step that might result afterwards in disappointment. Therefore try and realize what I am about to say. You have, I presume, some notion of the relative value of money—of what seven hundred a-year may imply, as to ways and means. Your mother's income is, I believe, just five hundred per annum; mine will be seven; but then money goes less far in India than at home. I should start with a few hundreds in hand, and my salary will have a yearly increase. We should have quite enough for comfort, a little for moderate luxury."

He paused, but received no answer.

"Would the companion venture with me?"

"No," she answered. And her tone was low and cold. "No."

A change, like a blight, passed over his features. "Think again, Caroline," he said, after a pause. "Reflect upon it, and give me an answer later in the day."

"There is no necessity. I should only say what I do now—no."

In perfect silence they walked on some yards. Caroline suddenly quickened her pace, as though she would have quitted him. He put out his hand to stop her.

"Caroline, have you fully understood me?"

"I imagine so; I am quite sure so. Quite fully."

"And you reject me?"

"Don't be silly. Reject! Well, then,—yes; if you will have an answer. Cousins we are, and cousins we must remain; nothing more."

"'BUT IT IS A WIG,' ARGUED CAROLINE."

"I have waited long to say this; I could not speak without some such justification as that which now offers. You have misled me, Caroline."

"What will you say next? If there has been any misleading in the matter, it must have been in your fancy."

"You have misled me, and you know it," he reiterated, too earnest to heed the signs of his own agitation. "You have been misleading me all along."

"Tom, I have not. I dread poverty, and should never marry to encounter it, so how could I mislead you? Don't make a spectacle of yourself; I hate scenes, especially in an open field."

"I am not one to make a spectacle of myself," he rejoined, with sufficient calmness, "but—I must repeat it—you have *cruelly* misled me. Do you forget that when I was last here, you—"

"Yes, I forget all about it, and I don't wish to remember," she heartlessly interrupted. "Why, I'd rather be turned into that glove of yours than wed myself to poverty."

"Do you call the income I have described poverty?

"Of course I do; dreadful poverty to marry upon. Where's the good of marrying at all, if you are to be no better off than before? Seven hundred a-year, indeed! it would not half keep me in dress."

"Upon what income, then, would you marry?"

"Upon as many thousands. Not a fraction under."

Partly from the agitation that the moment brought to her, so that she scarcely knew what she said or did, partly because she felt herself in a dilemma which half-frightened her, her manner and words were alike repellent, while her heart was silently beating with its love. But for a golden vista already dazzling her worldly eyes, Caroline Kage might have been true to love and herself, and gone out with him. That she *had* led him to hope in a manner unmistakable, that she was using him miserably ill, her mind was as conscious of as his. Thomas Kage struggled to be his own calm self, and if his countenance betrayed its sense of wrong, he did not speak it; and thus walking side by side in silence, each with a bursting heart, they reached the gate. Caroline would have passed in hurriedly.

"Surely you will not leave me thus!" he said, with emotion. "Do you know what you are doing for me?—that my life henceforth will be a blighted one?"

"I am very sorry; I hope you will soon forget me, Tom," she answered, her voice a little softening. "The sooner the better."

"What if I were to tell you that you are heartless?"

Heartless she certainly was not, in respect to having loved him. But she knew the safer plan now was to appear so.

"I cannot help it if you do. You should never have thought of me or come near me, knowing your prospects were what they are. How was *I* to know?"

"Then it is not *me* you would reject, but my want of sufficient income? Let me lay the case before Mrs. Kage, and see if she considers it an insuperable bar."

"I would advise you not. It would be waste of time. Knowing my mother as you do, you must be aware that, far from persuading me to marry upon a small income, she would be the first to stop me. That is not to the purpose, however: were she even to urge me to accept you for my husband, I should answer her as I have answered you—I will not."

"So, hope is to go out for me thus; now, and for evermore!"

"Hope never ought to have existed. Unless you could offer me a suitable home, with carriages and court-dresses and opera-boxes and all that, you might have had better sense than to think of me. Thomas, I cannot help saying it."

"Does happiness lie in court-dresses and opera-boxes, think you, Caroline?" he sadly asked, his pale face made paler by the contrast of the green laurels.

"Yes, of course. *I* cannot do without them. What is more, I shall never be induced to try."

"Oh, Caroline, my love, let me pray of you not to deceive yourself. I speak for your own sake. These things, unless your heart can be with him who gives them, will turn out but mocking shadows."

"Never; for me. I was born to pomp and state on my mother's side, as you know. Though they have not been mine yet, I shall not love them less when they come."

"God forgive you, Caroline, for playing me false. You *know* how you have led me on from the first, and what your manner has been to me. The sunshine of my life goes out with you."

"Nonsense!"

"That you may never repent this day, is my earnest wish; but I cannot help saying that you will, in all probability, live to recall it with pain. A woman cannot heartlessly jilt a man, as you are about to jilt me, without its pressing sometimes unpleasantly on her memory. *I* will try and bear in silence, wishing you no ill-will, rather praying ever that God shall bless you."

She ran indoors for safety, her eyes filling with tears as she went, in manner repellent to the last. It was well to go: had she stayed another moment, she might have fallen on his bosom in repentance. Thomas Kage looked after her with yearning eyes. It had been the turning-point in his life; the turn which so many must pass and survive: all green behind, bright hopeful green, as a meadow in spring; all gray henceforward, a dull, cheerless, leaden gray. One word of his had been apt: if ever man was jilted in this world, he had been by Caroline Kage.

Luncheon was on the table when he entered, and Mrs. Kage in the fidgets. She would willingly have chained him by the leg, rather than that he should be lingering in the verdant fields, in the sweet summer air, with Caroline.

That young lady gone up-stairs to take off her bonnet, came down with a serene, unconscious face. Mrs. Kage approached the table, and put her eyeglass up.

"Cold lamb!" she said. "Will you save me the trouble of carving, Thomas? And mind you make a good luncheon: it must be millions of hours since you breakfasted."

He did as he was told: carved; and made a good luncheon, or appeared to do so: Mrs. Kage was not one to take much notice, and Caroline seemed occupied with her own plate. The conversation turned on general subjects, partly upon Mrs. Garston, upon Sarah Annesley and her new home in London; but not a word did he say further of himself or his affairs. When the tray was removed, and Mrs. Kage had resumed her sofa, her fan, and her essence-bottles, he approached her to say farewell.

"Are you going now?" cried Mrs. Kage.

"I must indeed."

"I understood you to say that you might stay for dinner."

He had said something of the sort—anticipating a different answer from Caroline. The night train had brought him down; the next night train he had intended should convey him back. He would take the first that started now.

"I am anxious to get back to town: this is a busy time at Westminster. And now that I have seen you and Caroline—"

He did not finish his sentence—if it had any finish. A shake of Mrs. Kage's delicate hand, faded like her face, and then he turned to Caroline.

"Am I to say farewell?"

So he had not given up hope, even then? The low tone was full of meaning, the eyes went questioningly out into the depths of hers.

Only for a moment. She turned them away with a hard coldness, and put out her hand with a grudging air.

"Good-bye, Thomas. I wish you a pleasant journey."

Was it said in mockery? No, but he verily thought it. The front door closed after him, and next the gate between the laurels.

"There never was any comprehending him," said Mrs. Kage, languidly refreshing her face with eau-de-Cologne. "Fancy his coming all that immense distance, and travelling all night, to stay but an hour!"

How long Caroline remained motionless at the window, straining her eyes on the gate Mr. Kage had passed through, she heeded not. If the sunshine, as he said, had gone out of his heart, very bitterly conscious was she that it had equally gone out of hers. In his departure, in the miserable certainty that he and she were finally divided for ever, there came a revulsion of feeling. Perhaps for a few moments Caroline saw things in their true colors, shorn of fancy, and discerned the superiority and the worth of the man she had thrown away. But for its utter fruitlessness, she might have stretched out her repentant arms with the cry that had once before broken from her lips: "Oh, my love, my love, come back to me!"

"Have you lost your hearing, Caroline?" demanded Mrs. Kage. "I ask you what could have brought the young man down on this flying visit? He confessed he had no business at Aberton this time."

The direct questions recalled Caroline to existing things. She roused herself, but did not answer.

"He certainly said at first he should be happy to remain to dinner," pursued Mrs. Kage. "Not that I wanted him to, I'm sure. It is quite disagreeable to possess a sixteenth cousin, unhappily of the same name, who takes the liberty of popping in upon you at all hours and seasons—this is the third time he has come. But, having come, what has he gone flying back again for in so vast a hurry?"

"I believe it is through me that he has gone," said Caroline in a low tone, for she wished to make a clean breast of it, and of something else besides. "I offended him, and it sent him away."

"How was that?" asked Mrs. Kage, putting on that indifferent drawl in which she was an adept. "Adjust this cushion at my feet, will you, Caroline?"

"He has had a place in India offered to him," said Caroline, sinking her voice and disregarding the cushion. "He said he would accept it if I would go out with him."

"What is the value of it?" eagerly responded Mrs. Kage, as she leaned forward, forgetting her languor in glowing mists of lakhs upon lakhs of rupees.

"Seven hundred a-year."

Mrs. Kage fell back again.

"Oh!"

"Seven hundred to begin with, and rising year by year up to fifteen. He thought it right to warn me that money does not go far in India."

"Well?" said Mrs. Kage, sharply, in the pause come to by Caroline.

"I ridiculed it, mamma."

"What else should you do, child? That's well. I always thought Thomas Kage a fool; he has just proved himself one."

Caroline took up a ball of cotton and tossed it dreamily, as though her thoughts were far away. Mrs. Kage drew her white shawl over her shoulders and resumed.

"Did you see Mr. Canterbury this morning?"

"Yes; and left the letter with him. He will come in about it by-and-by."

Mrs. Kage began unscrewing the stopper of her smelling-salts, an obstinate stopper, given to stick in, and made no remark.

"He joined me as I was leaving, and walked with me through the park," continued Caroline, breaking the pause.

Mrs. Kage had heard this so often that she was getting a little irritated. For the life of her she could not tell whether Mr. Canterbury meant anything by these attentions or whether he did not.

"All shilly-shallying, Caroline. Mr. Canterbury ought to speak to you."

"He has spoken. As we stood at the stile that divides the park from the field, one word led to another, I suppose, and he asked me to be Mrs. Canterbury."

The young lady spoke with listless apathy; but not with apathy was the intelligence received. The Honorable Mrs. Kage could be roused sometimes, though it took a good deal to do it.

"You lucky girl! To be provided for in this splendid manner at eighteen. How delightful!"

"Does it bode good-luck or ill-luck to receive two offers of marriage in one morning?" dreamily wondered Caroline.

"Ill-luck!" screamed Mrs. Kage. "Ill-luck to be made the mistress of a splendid place like the Rock—of unlimited wealth—of jewels and diamonds! You happy child! You will be the envy of the world."

"Well, I don't know, mamma," said Caroline; and her tone certainly did not tell of happiness. "I had not used to care so much for those things until you talked me into it. Of course a fine establishment is desirable, and money and jewels are desirable; but—I can't tell."

"Desirable!" broke in Mrs. Kage; "money is the only desirable thing in life; I know it to my cost. I was a simpleton, and married for love: married one who had nothing but his face and his figure, and his scarlet regimentals; I, a peer's daughter. He was a perfect Adonis, to be sure—and you, dear, are the very image of him, as I continually tell you—but one can't live upon beauty. And what were the wretched, miserable, lasting consequences? Why, that I sunk down to the level of an obscure officer's wife—and widow—and was obliged to eke out my paltry bit of money as I best could, and am neglected and forgotten by those of my own rank. I have told your papa many a time that he had better have buried me alive than run away with me; and so he had."

"Still money is not everything, mamma; no, nor jewels either; and I do not know whether they will compensate for the drawbacks of an old husband who has old children. I wish I did know."

"Yes, they will, Caroline," said Mrs. Kage, leaning on her elbow and sniffing at her vinaigrette. "*Believe me.* It is woman's destiny, unhappily, to grow up, and be married; and of course she can't go aside from it. And if she could, she wouldn't. Girls have exalted notions, you see, as to a married life; implanted in them at their birth, I think, by some spirit of contrariness, for I'm sure I don't know how else they come. To their notion, it seems a sort of celestial Paradise, and all they think of is, how to get in, never reflecting that, once in, there's no getting out—"

"There it is, mamma."

"Let me finish. I say, child, it is a woman's destiny to be married, just as it is a stray sheep's to be put into the pound; but I do assure you that it is not of the very slightest consequence what the husband may be: youth or age, beauty or deformity, stocked with intellect or devoid of brains; it is all one, provided he has a deep purse. This is the one only thing to look at. Suppose I had had a heap of children," logically proceeded Mrs. Kage, "where should I have been! Why, in the workhouse; worse off than any poor stray lamb in the pound."

Caroline leaned from the window, and plucked a piece of clematis. Her mother resumed:

"I repeat, that a marriage for love is the most miserable fate on earth, where a good income does not accompany it. I married for love myself, and I ought to know. Your dear papa said I worried him into his grave with my complaints; but one may just as well be in the grave as out of it, where the money is lacking. As to love, it is the most wearisome Darby-and-Joan kind of thing you can imagine, enough to give one the cold shivers."

"He wears a wig," grumbled Caroline, reverting to her own grievances, as they ran one after another through her mind.

"The most enchanting wig I ever saw, dear: no living soul could tell that it's not growing hair. It is so beautifully blended with his own—of which he has a full crop behind—that a French coiffeur, with all his artistic skill, could not tell where the hair ends and the wig begins."

"But it *is* a wig," argued Caroline.

"Whether it's a wig, or whether it is not, it will not add to, or take from, domestic felicity."

Caroline Kage raised her eyebrows. "Domestic felicity, and old Father Canterbury!" irreverently thought she. Involuntarily, another form rose to her mind, in connection with that word; one she had just watched out of sight.

"Does he take it off at night?"

"Take off what!" asked Mrs. Kage, in momentary forgetfulness of their subject.

"The wig," irritably explained Caroline. "If he does, and I see his bald head, I shall scream frightfully."

"My dear child, let your thoughts centre upon the enormous wealth that will be yours, not upon a perishable wig," said Mrs. Kage, refreshing her face again.

"I wish I knew, I wish I knew," murmured Caroline, in a low tone, but her mother caught the words.

"Knew what?"

"Whether it will be for good or for ill."

Could it have been that her guardian angel was, even then, warning her from this marriage? A very powerful instinct against it had arisen in her heart. Caroline hid her eyes in her hands, and strove to see what she had best do—it was not yet too late. Had she been in the habit of seeking for a Guidance that cannot fail, she would have sought it then; but she never had been. The Honorable Mrs. Kage had taught her how to enter a ball-room gracefully, had shown her how to win, by deception if need were, the favor of desirable men: but that other kind of tuition had been utterly passed over. Poor Caroline!

Mrs. Kage looked at her with a kind of hungry keenness, scarcely assured yet; and sprinkled half-a-dozen essences abroad at once.

"Was he all rapture, dear?"

"Who?" cried Caroline, starting from her reverie, and a burning blush diffused itself over her face.

"Mr. Canterbury."

"Oh!" was the slighting comment, for the question had certainly borne another reference in her mind. "Why should Mr. Canterbury be in a rapture?"

"When you accepted him, dearest."

"I did not accept him."

Mrs. Kage half raised herself, looked at Caroline with open mouth, and then fell back in a flood of tears, bemoaning her hard fate, and her daughter's folly in having rejected the Rock. She had already been anticipating a large share of its magnificent comforts.

"A mansion fit for a king; carriages at command; servants in numbers; luxurious pineries, and hot-houses, and conservatories; wines from every part of the known world; delicacies served on silver and gold; and a banker's book that has no end! Oh, Caroline!"

Caroline pushed off her hair in a heat, and looked rather defiant. This upset Mrs. Kage.

"She's a regular chip of the old block!" cried that lady, going into a frightful passion. "Her father was one of the fools of the world, and she takes after him. I've said so twenty times. Go after that miserable Tom Kage, you ungrateful girl! Be off to India with him! Live in barracks, or starve! what shall I care?"

"There is no necessity to put yourself out, mamma," coolly spoke Caroline.

"The purple and fine linen she might have indulged in!—the opera-boxes and Richmond fetes!—the delights of a London season—the presentation at Court in feathers and pearls. And to give it all up for Thomas Kage, the low-born!"

"I said that I had rejected Mr. Kage."

"You said as well that you had rejected Mr. Canterbury. Yah! How dare you answer me?"

"No, I did not," calmly went on Caroline. "I said I had not accepted Mr. Canterbury. I suppose I should have done so had there been time; but Thomas Kage came up at the moment while I was hesitating. We were standing with our backs this way, and never saw him until he was close."

Away went Mrs. Kage's sobs. "Dearest, darling child, why did you not say so at first? My own love! you *will* accept him?"

Caroline knitted her brows. "I suppose so. I don't know what else to do."

"I will accept him for you to-night, my dear, and tell him how happy you are to be his wife. My poor nerves!"

"If I could only foresee a little into the future!" exclaimed Caroline, her face gloomy, her tone miserably doubtful. Mrs. Kage glanced at her stealthily, as she threw some sweet odors about.

"My sweet dove! I am sure you *did* like the notion of this grand good fortune. I could not have been mistaken."

"Yes, in one sense," answered Caroline, inwardly conscious that she had done her share towards leading Mr. Canterbury on. "But a strange foreboding that it will not bring me happiness is upon me, now that the moment for decision has come."

"I am delighted to hear it, dear;" and Mrs. Kage had reassumed all her affected languor. "De-lighted. Things all turn out and go by contrary. When I had given your poor papa the promise to have him, in spite of everybody—and an idiot he was for asking it, knowing what his paltry income was—I was all in a glow of rapturous anticipation. *My* marriage resulted in disappointment; *yours* will bring everything that's good. I foresee it, dear."

"If I do have Mr. Canterbury, I should like to be master and mistress."

"Oh, to be sure, sweetest. He is excessively good-natured, and your wishes will be his. I should have liked to see your dead papa attempt to contradict mine!"

"I don't allude to *him*. Of course I shall do all I like, as far as he goes. I spoke of the Miss Canterburys. Suppose Olive should try to domineer over me? I would not stand it."

The notion of Olive Canterbury's attempting to domineer over her father's wife so tickled Mrs. Kage, that she laughed till she upset her choicest essence-bottle.

"To think of the inexperienced goose you are, dear Caroline! You will be simply a queen, and exercise a queen's will. As to Mr. Canterbury's daughters, *I* will take care, once you are installed at the Rock, that another home is found for them."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Caroline, half-startled at the semi-promise.

"Yes, yes, dear, it will be all right; rely upon me. My respected father, Lord Gunse, always said what a talent I had for diplomacy."

And the Lord Gunse's honorable daughter fell back in easy complacency on her sofa, and gathered up the fallen essence-bottle.

Scarcely knowing, certainly not heeding, which way he took, Thomas Kage, leaving the house and his hopes behind him, had turned into the narrow privet-walk. The sun shone still on the world, but for him it seemed to have set for ever. Only those who have passed through the ordeal can tell what that awful moment of awaking was to him. The heart had had its best life crushed out of it; it had been withered with the cruel blow.

Winding round between the close hedges, when he was half-way through the confined walk he came face to face with Millicent Canterbury. So entirely was he buried in the moment's anguish, that at first he positively did not recognize her. Millicent stopped, half-scared; scared at what she saw on his countenance.

A few hurried words ensued—an apology for not being able to call at the Rock; an intimation that he was hastening away to catch a London train; and Mr. Kage, lifting his hat, passed on, leaving Millicent gazing after him, a wondering surprise on her face, a sense of blank disappointment in her heart.

"What can be amiss?" she said aloud. "He looks like a man stricken for death."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'R 11, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETTERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

CLUBS.—Those who design raising Clubs for THE POST for the ensuing year, should go to work at once, before the ground is crowded with canvassers for other periodicals. The inducements we offer are so great, that there probably will be very little difficulty in filling up the lists. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained, (even when the lists, if large, are not full) in order that the forwarding of the paper may not be delayed.

SERIOUS FIRES.—A disastrous fire occurred at Cape May, Aug. 31st. It began in Boyton's Japanese store, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, and destroyed the United States, American and Atlantic Hotels, Post-office, and a number of other buildings and cottages. The loss is about $240,000.

The looking-glass and picture store of J. S. Earle & Son, 816 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was almost entirely destroyed by fire the same day. The stock was valued at $55,000, and the building at $75,000. The losses are covered by insurance. The clothing store of John Wanamaker, and furnishing store of Scott & Co., adjoining, were damaged by water.

☞ The farm owned by L. Barrett Wiggin, of Stratham, N. H., has never been deeded. It has remained in the same family passing by will from father to son, ever since it was originally granted by the Crown.

☞ The peach stones cast aside by the armies at Petersburg have shot up into a grove of trees forty-five miles long, which are now loaded with fruit.

☞ Why did Commodore Vanderbilt go to Canada to get married? Because he was afraid Fisk and Gould would get out an injunction and prevent the ceremony.

☞ The apple crop in Maine will be lighter this year than ever before since the state was admitted to the Union. Not one-fourth of an average yield is expected.

☞ Telegrams from San Francisco announce that the election for a State Legislature there, on Wednesday last, resulted in the probable choice of a Democratic majority in that body. The last California Legislature had 14 Democratic majority on joint ballot. San Francisco was carried by the Democrats, a light vote only being polled. These results are said to indicate the defeat of the "Fifteenth Amendment."

☞ LONDON, Sept. 8.—Public opinion continues skeptical with respect to the Emperor Napoleon's health. An impression prevails that his real condition is concealed, and this is not likely to be weakened until the Emperor himself is seen driving into Paris.

FAR SIGHTED.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in an account of the Eclipse of the Sun—total where he observed it—says:

"Total! we all exclaimed together. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, came down an awful shadow, as of a black wing, filling the whole heavens. It was ineffably frightful. Coleridge's lines flashed into my mind in a moment:

> "'The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
> *With one stride comes the dark!*'

To the north the horizon was dyed with a rich orange hue. But above us and around us the air seemed to be filled with fine black particles. It was so dark *that I could not recognize a countenance a hundred yards off*; and yet it was not the darkness of an ordinary evening. *It was the darkness of death!*"

We should like to know how far off the Rev. Mr. Cuyler can recognize a countenance when it is not as dark as death. *Three hundred feet* would puzzle a good many people in the bright sunlight.

A Modern Paradise.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

A wonderful possession is that Western Territory of ours, the vast virgin adjunct of the United States, waiting in pristine solitude for the advancing foot of the genius of civilization. It has its marvels, strange as those which of old our country offered to the admiring eyes of Europe. The grandeur of Niagara is rivalled by that mighty cataract recently described in the Rocky Mountains, where, thundering through rugged canons, a river leaps headlong over a mountain precipice, and the smoke of its torment ascendeth forever. Our golden sister, California, challenges the world to rival her Big Trees, and points with exultant finger to the unmatched valley of the Yo Semite.

Colorado, too, has her natural wonder, a marvel more unique than any other our country can boast. This magnificent Park, prepared ages ago by Nature, as if in scorn of the future puny efforts of man, seems indeed a veritable Paradise, peopled of old by some western Adam and Eve, and retaken by nature as her own possession when sin entered into the world.

San Luis Park is a grand elliptical valley, scooped out of the heart of the mighty mountain range of the west, probably at one time forming the bed of an inland sea, but since lifted by that irresistible force which has tossed the continents up and down a hundred times, till now its bottom stands several thousand feet above the sea level.

It forms an extensive plain, containing some 9,400 square miles, with the smoothness of the ocean surface. Over its verdant face flow in all directions the waters of 35 mountain streams, which descend from the snowy peaks encircling this Eden-like valley. So symmetrical is this rocky barrier, that it may be compared to the rim of a vast oval goblet, out of which the giants of old drank mountain nectar, ere yet the pigmies were. The adventurer who has penetrated to this Happy Valley beholds on all sides a sublime scenery surrounding him, to which the pure and cloudless atmosphere, the vivid azure of the sky, and the iris hues flung by the sunlight from the snow-clad peaks, lend an indescribable charm. As the eye mounts from the plain it meets terraced hills rising in successive escarpments, the lower terraces clad in thick vegetation, above which, separated by a clearly defined line, lies the naked granite of the upper ridges, ending at last in snowy caps.

Spring and Autumn are seasons scarce known here. Only Summer and Winter reign, each with a mild and equable dominion. On the crest of the Sierras clouds incessantly form, but they rarely interrupt the genial sunshine of the mid-valley, pouring their waters on the mountain sides, and further down nourishing a most vigorous growth of evergreens and other woods, a vast band of vegetation, protecting the sources of the streams, and ensuring an unfailing supply of water to the valley. With this woodland, alternate mountain meadows, clothed with luxuriant grasses, and splendidly adapted for grazing.

As we reach the plain the vapor ceases, or is not condensed sufficiently to produce trees, though yielding a rich grassy carpet, which serves for pasturing throughout the entire year. The pure, bracing mountain air, genial sunshine, and absence of extremes of temperature, render this region one of the healthiest on our continent. It is destined hereafter to be the scene of an extensive agriculture, being richly adapted to the production of grains and other important vegetables, while the grassy hills will support large herds of sheep and cattle.

Geologically the Park is as marvellous as in any of its other aspects, presenting as it does an epitome of the gradual growth of the earth from its earliest granitic to its latest soil formation. The amphitheatre is a geology in miniature, and displays in its sloping sides and level bottom the ages of the world in that connected succession in which scarcely any other region presents them. At the peaks of the mountain wall crop out the primary rocks, those granite masses which cooled from liquid fire ages before life was born on our planet. Descending, the secondary strata assume dominion on the mountain sides. These rocks are charged with rich golden ores, which, denuded by the running streams, have deposited their grains of gold in the gulches below, forming many a Pactolus. These metallic deposits cease as the mountain descends through the tertiary beds, while the geological series ends only in the sedimentary drift, which lies, covered with recent soil and grasses, around San Luis Lake in the central plain.

Beneath the soil is a subsoil of peat, which serves to moisten the surface and insure its continued fertility, and forms moreover an inexhaustible reservoir of fuel in the improbable event of the magnificent mountain forests failing. The central portion of the Park presents a crater-like depression of twenty miles diameter, which is enclosed by a wall of volcanic origin 500 feet high, and curved in almost a perfect circle round this centre cup of the massive mountain goblet. It is here and there denuded by water action into separate hills, and perforated by three rivers, the Rio Del Norte, the Culebra, and the Costilla, which fertilize the interior soil.

This soil is of unsurpassed richness, being composed of mineral material abraded from the surrounding hills, and is smoothed to almost a mathematical level. A porous under formation thoroughly drains it and splendidly adapts it to culture.

Unlike Johnson's Happy Valley, so difficult of access and escape, this is easily entered by natural mountain passes, forming a ready communication with the outer world. Other Parks adorn this western region, known respectively as the North, South, and Middle Parks, but they are smaller and much less beautiful than this.

What a spot this would make for a thorough trial of the Socialistic idea. In this rich central crater, walled into a Paradise capable of being made as rich and various as that which Milton has imagined for our original parents, visited from without only by fertilizing rivers, possessed of a generous soil, cloudless skies, salubrious air, and equable temperature, and surrounded by the grandest scenery, might not a band of harmonious souls dwell, strangers to that genius of discontent and detraction from which no other spot escapes?

☞ Newspaper literature has even invaded the Turkish harem. The Zeraki of Stamboul now issues an edition *de luxe*, printed on fine tinted paper, for exclusive circulation among Turkish ladies.

The Humbugs of History.

"Don't talk to me about your historical facts," said a paradox-loving friend of ours the other day; "I've seen so many so-called accepted facts upset, that I really intend some fine morning to commence a big book on my own account, under the title of 'The Humbugs of History.'" The idea was not perhaps altogether a bad one, although, perhaps, a man would have to attain the length of years of Methuselah, and to lay in stock as much "midnight oil" for the consumption of his lamp as did that famous Hebrew commentator, Rabbi Chananiah, of whom it is recorded, somewhere or other, that before he contracted to write a commentary on Ezekiel, he bargained for a supply of not less than 300 tuns of oil while he should be engaged on his pious task! As one gets older, one gets sadly disenchanted. The old pet beliefs of boyhood fade out with our dying enthusiasm the more we read, and "all that we know is nothing can be known," with much certainty, becomes the cuckoo-note of most of us. Did not the American Mr. Emerson, only a few years ago, take down our national pride several pegs by gravely showing us how our patron saint, "St. George for Merrie England," was nothing better than a low impostor, originally hailing from Cilicia, who got a lucrative contract for supplying the army of his time and country with bad bacon; got rich by fraud, theft, and by the arts of a common informer; turned religious adventurer, and bribed his way to the bishopric of Alexandria; and at last, after being imprisoned for his crimes, was dragged out of jail and lynched by an angry mob, in A. D. 361! After this he became in due time a saint, and so undeservedly famous; just as in another way—thanks, Mr. Emerson, for your very refreshing candor—Amerigo Vespucci, "the pickle-dealer at Seville, whose highest naval rank was boatswain's mate in an expedition that never sailed, managed to supplant Columbus, and to baptize half the earth with his own dishonest name." Have we not in our school-days hugged to our little bosoms the notion that Brutus stabbed Julius Cæsar purely for patriotism's sacred sake? And now we must be told, forsooth—and, alas, but too convincingly, by heavy German historical "big-wigs"—that, it being the custom in old Rome for the nobles to lend the plebeians money at terribly usurious rates of interest, Cæsar passed an act forbidding this, and was, at a suspiciously short time thereafter, butchered by the "noble" Brutus and his brother conspirators!

All Akenside's fine poetry about Brutus "rising refulgent from the stroke," and so on, is knocked on the head for ever now. "*Et tu, Brute!*" and that Brutus merely a murderous, because a disappointed, bill-discounter—is too much for one's feelings, even in this unromantic age. Again, how much have we not honored the name of Mr. Thomas Guy, who founded "Guy's Hospital," gave away princely sums in benevolence, and stares at us in stone in several statues! Yet what manner of man really was this Mr. Thomas Guy? A clever stock-jobber, a miser also, and—speak it softly, with his fine hospital looming in the distance—a man who fattened on the wrongs of the poor cheated English seamen of his day. Formerly our sailors were paid in inconvertible paper, not gold. The reckless Jacks ashore were often obliged to part with these tickets at any wretched discount they could get. The "wise and good" Thomas Guy trafficked in them, and became, for those days, a millionaire. Howard, "the prison philanthropist," loving all the world, and yet driving his poor son mad by his ill-judged harshness; Sterne—as Byron said—weeping over a dead donkey, and yet letting a living mother starve; Byron sending a copy of his famous "Fare-thee-well" verses to Lady Byron with a butcher's bill inclosed therewith with a slip like this, "I don't think we could have had so much meat as this—please to see to it;" the great Duke of Marlborough now acting history in minutes, and now dirtying his hands by peculation in army clothing contracts; Algernon Sydney one moment mouthing patriotism, and another accepting bribes from France; all these people, we say, lumped together here at random without reference to chronological order, are, to our mind at least, just so many humiliating humbugs of history, worthy to sit cheek by jowl with a bill-discounting Brutus, a "patriot" possibly from private spite after all, and a Mr. Thomas Guy giving back to the nation, in the way of a noble hospital, with one hand, what he had, in great part, ruthlessly squeezed out of her poor seamen with the other!

The Byron Scandal.

LONDON, Sept. 2.—The solicitors of Lady Byron's family have written a communication to the London journals, distinctly stating that the article of Mrs. Stowe, in the Atlantic Monthly, on the Separation of Lord and Lady Byron, is not a complete or authentic statement, and does not involve any direct evidence; nothing is communicated but recollections of conversation had thirteen years since, and impressions derived from a manuscript read under great excitement.

Without conceding that Mrs. Stowe's narrative contains a complete account of the relations between Lord and Lady Byron, they protest against it as a gross breach of trust and confidence, as inconsistent with Mrs. Stowe's recommendations to Lady Byron, and a violation of the express terms of her will. Lady Byron's representatives and descendants absolutely disclaim all countenance of the article, which was published without their privity or consent.

☞ In the National Temperance Convention at Chicago, a platform was read providing for the formation of a National Temperance Party, to suppress the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The main portion of the platform was adopted.

☞ AN AGED COUPLE.—There is now living in the town of Smithfield, R. I., a man and his wife, Jonathan and Saloma Buxton, he being 103 years old and his wife 101, both enjoying perfect health, and able to attend to the duties and management of quite a large farm. They have now living nine children, the eldest 76 years of age, and all enjoying a remarkably youthful appearance. The old gentleman and his wife have enjoyed an unclouded matrimonial life of seventy-eight years, he never having had to call the services of a physician since his remembrance. His father being one of the early emigrants from England, named the town Smithfield, and the street Buxton street, after the place he left in England.

☞ Lavater says: "He who suddenly attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man."

Experiences of Powers, the Sculptor, with Ghostly Visitors—His Relation of Some Strange Manifestations.

Dr. Bellows contributes to Appleton's Journal a paper entitled "Sittings with Powers, the Sculptor." In the course of a conversation Mr. Powers relates the following spiritualistic experiences:

These spiritualistic phenomena have always interested me, although I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many "seances" at my house and others when Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or prearrangement of machinery, was impossible, in my own house and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, many very curious things. That

HAND FLOATING IN THE AIR,

of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room, it is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. Home sat on my right hand, and, beside him, there were six others round one-half of a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight.

IT USES A FAN.

All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above what would have been the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs. ——, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. "Could it take a fan?" cried her husband. Three raps responded "Yes," and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. "Give it the handle," said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced slowly fanning her with much grace. "Could it fan the rest of the company?" some one exclaimed, when three raps signified assent, and the hand, passing round, fanned each of the company, and then slowly was lost to view.

A CHILD-GHOST'S HAND.

I felt, on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my cheek and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm and evidently a child's hand. I die not loosen my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors or morbid feelings. My children, who knew all about it, and were present, never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost-stories excite in sensitive and young brains.

THEORY ABOUT A SPIRITUAL BODY.

I have always thought that there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organization which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most believe, and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might even here enable us to perceive these forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood we see his outward robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated out from his body it would have the precise form of his body, for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to enamel of the teeth and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the human frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Show us a man's nervous system, and, filmy as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained, even to his eyes. Now this is one great step towards his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system, the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. I believe it possible for this body to appear and, under certain states, to be seen. I do not often mention a waking vision I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It happened five-and-twenty years ago.

A REMARKABLE WAKING VISION.

I had retired at the usual hour, and, as I blew out the candle and got into bed, I looked upon our infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of its mother, who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, I became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the stand, but the candle was out. Still, the light increased, and I began to fear something was on fire in the room, and I looked over toward my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, but, as I cast my eye upward, and as it were to the back of the bed, I saw a green hillside, on which two bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant.

A LOOK INTO THE SPIRIT LAND.

A glorious brightness seemed to clothe them and to shine in upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake (for the vision vanished in about the time I have been telling you the story and left me wondering.) I felt my pulse, to see whether I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock. I never was broader awake in my life, and I said to myself, "Thank God, what I have been longing for years to enjoy has at length been granted me, a direct look into the spiritual world!" I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from awaking my wife and telling her what had happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said: "And is our darling, then, so soon to be taken from us?" I pacified her by telling her that there was no evil omen in the vision I had seen; that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread of harm to our child. And so we found it. I have longed much since to have any similar experience, but I never had it.

POWERS A SPIRITUALIST.

Mr. Powers being asked whether he really believed in the pretensions of modern spiritualists, said: I am not a believer in the *revelations* of spirits, as made known through mediums or otherwise, for most corrupt and unworthy communications are often made; and, with many mediums, there is a great deal of trickery, while there are some so-called mediums who are nothing else than *charlatans*. But I do believe in the *fact* of spiritual manifestations, animal magnetism, and the moving of solid bodies, by means as yet unexplained by purely scientific men. I believe we are now at the threshold of a new era of discoveries, very unlike the past.

The Mormons.

Brigham Young is really in serious trouble. The sons of Joseph Smith, the original Mormon leader, appear upon the Salt Lake stage, and demand, by right of succession, the head-ship of the "church." Young has always, until very recently, professed to hold his charge in trust for one of these sons, David Smith, purposing to resign it to him when he should be of mature age. The young aspirant to supreme authority now presents himself, claiming his rights and vigorously denounces polygamy and many other bad practices of the old Mormon leader. A dispatch says:

The latter, however, is loth to give up his power, and not only has denied the sons of Joseph Smith the use of the Tabernacle in which to preach, but has absolutely forbidden the people from going to listen to them. The Gentiles in that city have a hall which was built for religious services at the time Gen. Connor was in command at that place. This hall, now used by Episcopal ministers, has been placed at the service of David and his brother. The Mormons, in spite of the prohibition and threats of Brigham, flock in crowds to hear them. Brigham is said to be much alarmed, and does not know how effectually to end this new difficulty. The traditions of the church are all in favor of David Smith, and the dissatisfaction is spreading far and wide. It is even said that it had reached the very family of Brigham himself, and that some of them believe the latter should give way. If the Government will protect these young men it may prove the best means of solving the Mormon problem. They denounce polygamy as not a part of the true Mormon faith, and they preach loyalty to the Government and the abolition of the onerous tithing system. Though they have been but a few weeks in Utah the effect is apparent, and it is reported that they have already a large number of adherents.

Public Parks.

The authorities of Chicago have recently published an elaborate report on the subject of public pleasure-grounds, giving the areas of the large parks of the cities of Europe and the United States. From these statistics it appears that Windsor Park, England, has 3,800 acres; Richmond, 2,468 acres; Hampton Court and Burley, 1,812 acres. In London, Hyde Park has 380 acres; Regent's, 473 acres; Battersea, 175 acres; St. James's, 55 acres; Kensington, 262, and Green, 55 acres. Phœnix Park, Dublin, has 1,752 acres, Binkenhead Park, Liverpool, has 182 acres, laid out under the direction of Sir Joseph Paxton. The Bois de Bologne, near Paris, has 2,158 acres; 873 of which are open turf, 607 woods, 274 water, 365 in roads, 171 in nurseries and flower-beds. The Thiergarten at Berlin comprises 200 acres.

The Tzarskoe Selo summer garden at St. Petersburg consists of 350 acres.

In the United States, Fairmount Park, at Philadelphia, has 2,200 acres, and in the course of a year will be extended to 2,706 acres; New York Central Park contains 862 acres. In Baltimore, Druid Hill Park has 550 acres, and Patterson's Park, 135½ acres. In Brooklyn, Prospect Park contains 550 acres. Boston Common and the Providence (R. I.) Park are each a mile in circumference. Cincinnati has a park of 156 acres. St. Louis has 297 acres of public grounds, distributed among 15 small parks; and Chicago is going to have a large park, and has 126 acres of public ground in small parks now.

☞ When Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, in the summer of 1858, made their memorable canvass of Illinois for the United States Senatorship, they frequently met on the same hustings and addressed the same audience. On one of these occasions, after Judge Douglas, had made one of his most eloquent speeches, it came to Mr. Lincoln's turn. Throwing off his overcoat, he handed it to a young man near by, and said, in his droll way: "Here, you hold my clothes, while I *stone Stephen!*"

☞ Senator Carpenter sent a speech of his addressed to "Wendell Phillips, care Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn." Mr. Beecher addressed it to Mr. Phillips, with the statement "Wendell is under my care, but I keep him in Boston for safety."

☞ Le Casse-Tete, or Tomahawk, of Paris, is a new journal which has some good things. One of its latest aphorisms is this: Life is a disease of which one dies at last.

☞ Macon, Georgia, may claim to be the city of mocking birds. They abound in every street, lane, and alley in the town.

☞ A Spaniard who has won 300,000 francs by gambling at Spa, is kept in solitary confinement by his wife, to prevent him from spending or gambling it away.

☞ HOPE.—We are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

☞ Attorney-General Hoar's opinion relative to political affairs in Virginia, has been sent to Gen. Canby. The Attorney-General says the test oath will only be required of the Legislature, if they attempt to pass laws before the approval of the State Constitution by Congress, and if the Constitution be approved, of course the oath will not be required under its provisions.

☞ The peach trade will, it is said, be brought to a close about ten days earlier than usual this year, on account of the earlier ripening.

☞ Mr. James Fisk, Jr., is said to possess the largest diamond in the United States, with a single exception. The largest one was sold at Saratoga a few days since to a New York gentleman for $11,500. Its weight was ten and a half karats.

☞ STRONG.—It is said that the thread of a certain species of spider—found in the South—supports a weight of fifty-four grains. As this fibre is only the one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter, this is at the rate of 123,427 pounds, or 61½ tons per square inch; good iron wire sustains fifty-seven tons per inch; good steel, sixty-six tons; good gun metal, eighty tons.

☞ A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times says that the following recipe will preserve garden seeds and all kinds of grain and seeds from the ravages of cut worms, birds, &c. One pound of sulphate of iron, one pound aloes. Dissolve in water heated to 90 or 95 degrees and pour over one bushel of grain, and in a similar proportion for a greater or lesser quantity.

Woman's New Role.

The young lady of Memphis, who, following the advice of the Revolution, which told her and all other spinsters to propose to the man considered eligible to the office of husband, and who was successful therein, ought not to be an example to all women. This young lady proposed to an utter stranger, and married him the day after the proposal; but not to every woman will such luck be granted. There are little formalities, little attentions, sweet and nameless offices of love, which courtship must see and undergo before the beloved can fairly be considered *en prise*. Man is by nature timid and confiding; his heart yearns for love and protection; and if woman would win and wear him in her heart of hearts, she must lead him gently along the primrose path of dalliance, and not beteem the winds of heaven visit his cheek too roughly. She must write poetry to him; she must sing beneath his lattice:

How sweet at eve to see my beau
Come tripping down the stairs,
I'll catch him at the garden gate
And kiss him unawares.
His breath is like the caramel,
His eyes like choc'late cream,
And his kisses like the candy
One eats within a dream;

—or words to that effect. She must take him to the theatre, too; and fight with hackmen and policemen for his dear sake. Some female Legouve must arise and write the "Moral History of Man;" some Michelet must maunder about "L'Homme;" and some petticoated Lovelace must be found to do full justice to the feelings of woman in her new sphere. The dead toast of "Wine and Woman" must give place to the new one of "Men and Maraschino."—*New York World.*

A New Theory.

A Southern paper starts an entirely new theory touching the secret of Lord Byron's domestic misfortunes. It is ingenious, romantic, and, of course, horrible. We have all been dragged so much of late into the Phædra and Borgia style of literature that it is perhaps no harm to allude to this other agreeable theory. It is that Lord Byron discovered, or fancied he discovered, that a lady to whom he was once deeply attached was really his sister—that is, the daughter of his father; and that, confiding in a wild moment this discovery to Lady Byron, the latter assumed that he must have been speaking of Mrs. Leigh and acted accordingly. There! Has anybody else any other theory equally edifying and pleasant to contemplate? This is one of the wholesome effects of such "revelations" as that to which we have recently been treated—that it poisons literature and journalism for months after, and sets idle brains everywhere on the rack to hammer out rival explanations equally abominable.—*N. Y. Independent.*

☞ A prize of $10 was recently offered to any member of the Connecticut Teachers' Institute who would write and spell correctly the words in the following sentence: "It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harnessed peddler attempting to gauge the symmetry of a peeled onion, which a sibyl has stabbed with a poniard, regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of cornelian hue." Thirty-eight teachers competed for the prize, but not one was successful.

☞ Of Walter Savage Landor, whose "Memorials" are soon to be published by the Harpers, the Edinburgh Review tells the following story:—"In his garden walks he would bend over the flowers with a sort of worship, but rarely touched one of them. The form which the notoriety of this sentiment took in the Florentine legend was that he had one day, after an imperfect dinner, thrown the cook out of the window, and, while the man was writhing with a broken limb, ejaculated, 'Good God! I forgot the flowers!'"

☞ The Ayrshire cow Flora, imported from England in 1859, and now owned by Mr. Wm. Birnie, of Massachusetts, from July 12 to November 1, 1866, gave an average of thirty-nine pounds of milk per day. Her food was corn fodder, grass, and, in October, cabbages.

☞ Judge Barnard, in New York, recently declined to issue an order of arrest in a case where one stock broker was charged with having outwitted or swindled another, on the ground that all stock transactions were in the nature of gambling, and that no one but a broker could understand brokers' bargains.

☞ A cranky bachelor says that there are not half so many self-made men now-a-days as there are "self-made" women.

☞ A paper published in Palmer, Mass., says:—"Whoever rides through the mountain towns of our state during the present haying season will see scores of women at work in the field. In a ride of half a dozen miles last week we counted thirty women making hay. In most cases they were the wives and daughters of the farmers who own the fields. Men's help is scarce and high, and the women of the family, like true help-meets, turn out and help gather the crops."

☞ One of Commodore Vanderbilt's daughters has taught her daughter to mend stockings, "because," as she remarked to a lady friend who was not much in the mending way, "there is no telling what a woman may be called upon to do in this country, or what fate awaited her, and she believed in instructing them in useful arts as a preparation for any reverse that might overtake them."

☞ With the possible exception of Wm. B. Astor, Commodore Vanderbilt is probably the richest man on this continent. He is the owner of a majority of the stock of the New York Central, Hudson River, Harlem, Michigan Southern, and Lake Shore railroads, and will probably probate at about $100,000,000.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5c ₩ lb. 8000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

IMPORTANT to Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, their parents, widows, orphans to call on or write to H. S. League & Co., No. 125 South 7th st., Philadelphia. sep4-1y

☞ "No practicing or drumming allowed on this piano," is a notice conspicuously displayed in the parlor of one of the watering place hotels.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, rubbed vigorously over the chest and throat, will cure in a single night coughs, colds and catarrh; for the last, rub it freely over forehead and nose. It never fails to cure.

A Great Relief.

Since the papers have so widely circulated the story that the tomato worm is fatally poisonous, great anxiety has been felt by old maids and nervous housewives lest a terrible calamity befall them, and they have not only carefully avoided tomato patches, but have cautioned the gardener, the kitchen girl, and all the children to keep at a safe distance from these ugly green worms with poisonous stings. But here comes comfort from a man of science.

Mr. Walsh, a practical entomologist, who has studied worms most thoroughly, says: "I scarcely supposed that anybody would for a moment believe such silly nonsense; but as I find that a great many do actually believe it, I take this opportunity to state that the whole story is fabricated out of the whole cloth. The horn in the tomato worm's tail is not a sting, neither can it penetrate the human flesh, and even if it did there is no poison bag attached to it, so that the result would be no more serious than a wound from a needle."

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.
It was the *first*, and is
THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,
In from One to Twenty Minutes,
No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.
The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.
Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.
FEVER AND AGUE.
Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure *Fever and Ague*, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.
Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.
Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.
Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

NEWSPAPER men speak of the Prince Imperial as bidding fair to become a very tall man. He is even now taller than his mother, and in a year or two he will tower above his father. Unfortunately, his mental capacities do not keep step with his physical growth. His teachers give more doleful reports than ever before of his progress in all branches of learning, except in mathematics, in which he is said to take some delight and to be moderately proficient. As regards his character, it is no longer as peevish and irascible as it used to be. The Imperial boy is, on the contrary, getting quite sweet-tempered, to the great delight of young Conneau and the rest of his playmates, all of whom detested him heretofore on account of his ill-naturedness.

To Owners of Horses and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-bound, Colds, &c., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, &c., in Cattle. They are perfectly safe and innocent; no need of stopping the working of your animals. They increase the appetite, give a fine coat, cleanse the stomach and urinary organs; also increase the milk of cows. Try them and you will never be without them. The late Hiram Woodruff, celebrated trainer of trotting horses, used them for years. Col. Philo. P. Bush, of the Jerome Race Course, Fordham, N. Y., would not use them until he was told of what they are composed, since which he is never without them. He has over twenty running horses in his charge, and for the last three years has used no other medicine for them. He has kindly permitted me to refer any one to him. Over 1000 other references can be seen at the depot.
Sold by druggists and saddlers. Price, 25 cts. per box. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. sep4-4t

FANATICISM.—Russia, it is reported, is suffering from the extraordinary proceedings of numerous religious sects that have recently sprung up in that country. The nature of the doctrines preached by these sects may be judged from a recent occurrence in the district of Saratow. A short time ago the prophets of a new religion made their appearance in that part of the empire, preaching self-destruction by fire as the only sure road to salvation; and so readily was this dreadful doctrine received by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, that in one large village no less than seventeen hundred persons assembled in some wooden houses, and, having barricaded the doors and windows, set the building on fire and perished in the flames.

ASTHMA, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, &c., no sufferer should be without *JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA. It is an unfailing cure for* these distressing complaints. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., sole proprietors, Boston. Sold by all druggists. jy31-3t

Anecdotes of Wordsworth.

Crabb Robinson, who was in some sort a celebrity, being connected with the London Times for nearly half a century, tells racy stories in an attractive style. Here are two or three: "Wordsworth told me that before his ballads were published, Tobin implored him to leave out 'We are Seven,' as a poem that would damn the book. It became, however, one of the most popular. . . . When Lady Mackintosh was once stating to Coleridge her disregard of the beauties of nature, which men commonly affect to admire, he said his friend Wordsworth had described her feeling, and quoted three lines from 'Peter Bell:'

'A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.'

"'Yes,' said her ladyship, 'that is precisely my case.'"

Science Advances.

As soon as an article purporting to be of utility has been tested, and its merits endorsed by public opinion, unprincipled parties endeavor to replenish their depleted purses by counterfeiting, and substituting a spurious for the genuine article. Some time since, mercury, in the disguise of pills, powders, &c., was given for all diseases of the stomach and liver, while quinine was freely administered for the chills. At length HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS made its advent, and an entire new system of healing was inaugurated. The beneficial effects of this valuable preparation were at once acknowledged, and miners poisons suffered to sink into that obscurity to which an enlightened age has consigned them. There have been many spurious Bitters palmed upon the community, which, after trial, have been found perfectly worthless, while HOSTETTER'S has proved a blessing to thousands, who owe to it their restoration to health, and for many years we have watched the steady progress of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS in public estimation, and its beneficient effects as a cure for all complaints arising from the stomach of a morbid nature, and we are free to say that it can be relied upon as a certain relief and remedy. Its proprietors have made the above preparation, after years of careful study and sifting, and are now reaping the reward claimed by this valuable specific, and which they so richly merit. It is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it therefore demands the attention of the afflicted. sep11-3t

NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.—A remarkable discovery has just been made by a man at Grenoble, by which it is calculated that cemeteries and graveyards will become superfluous. At the decease of an individual the body is plunged into a liquid invented by the man of Grenoble, and in about five years the individual is turned into stone. The secret of the petrifaction is known only to the discoverer. But he goes further. He says that in a thousand years' time, if persons will only preserve their relatives and friends, they will be able to build a house with them, and thus live in residences surrounded by their ancestors.—*Exchange.*

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,
sep25-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ According to all accounts the Chicago Sorosis is in a moribund condition. It began very well, but in a little while all the young women married, and thereupon speedily vacated their seats in the society. The older ones gossipped, first about outsiders and next about each other, till the Sorosis was broken into factions, and is now breaking into fragments.

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Aug., by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM J. CROUSE to Miss ISABELLA WILSON, both of this city.
On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN LAPP to Miss KATE KLUNE, both of this city.
On the 29th of Aug., by the Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. JOHN P. TODD, Jr., of Bath, Maine, to Miss MARY HILTON, of this city.
On the 15th of Aug., by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, JAMES B. TWAY to MARY A. SMITH, both of this city.
On the 17th of Aug., by the Rev. Mr. Grahn, Mr. FREDERICK PASTER to Miss EMMA KNOUSE, both of this city.
On the 17th of June, by the Rev. Wm. T. Magee, M. D., Mr. HARRY SADUR to Miss ANNIE E. FISHER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Aug., GEORGE W., son of Wm. and Elizabeth Stratton, in his 23d year.
On the 31st of Aug., Mrs. MARGARET COUNTRYMEN, in her 37th year.
On the 31st of Aug., JACOB L. COOPER, aged 52 years.
On the 30th of Aug., EMMA MATTHEWS, in her 25th year.
On the 29th of Aug., Mrs. HESTER, widow of the late Peter Hein, in her 74th year.
On the 29th of Aug., Mr. HENRY H. RUTH, aged 40 years.
On the 29th of Aug., JOHN HANLEY, in his 50th year.
On the 28th of Aug., WILLIAM F. HALL, aged 16 years.
On the 27th of Aug., ROBERT A. P. MOORE, in his 41st year.

NAMELESS.

There is no heart but hath its inner anguish,
  There is no eye but hath with tears been wet,
There is no voice but hath been heard to languish
  O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses,
  But perished buds beneath its hues are hid;
No eye that in its dewy light reposes,
  But broken starbeams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, howe'er with laughter ringing,
  However light and gay its words may be,
But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing
  Of stern affection and deep misery.

We are all brothers in this land of dreaming,
  Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies,
Nor deem we that beneath a brow all beaming
  The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

A Day at Niagara Falls.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THE TAMED HACKMAN.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said it was so with him. He said that the first time he went the hack fares were so much higher than the Falls that the Falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, and numbered, and placarded, and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with Moral Principle, till they are as meek as missionaries. They are divided into two clans now—the Regulars and the Privateers—and they employ their idle time in warning the public against each other. The Regulars are under the hotel banners, and do the legitimate at two dollars an hour; and the Privateers prowl darkly on neutral ground, and pick off stragglers at half price. But there are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers, and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of a success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the Falls, and so they damned the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance in that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must *not* do. No—the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In the room at your hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most convenient way by means of placards on the walls, like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door they will be blacked—but the house will not be responsible for their return." [This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they *are* returned.]

"Give your key to the omnibus driver if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instruction to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horse to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian Curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the Superintendent of any neglect on the part of employes to charge for commodities or services." [No inattention of this kind observed.]

"Don't throw stones down—they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls." [More shirking of responsibility—it appears to be the prevailing thing here.]

I always had a high regard for the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, but now they do not really seem to amount to much alongside the Signers of Niagara Falls. To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; the sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; a sign forbade it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be pick-nicking below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that poor satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no recourse, now, but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at the critical moment: "All signs fail in a dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

DAHOMEY AND ITS HUMAN SACRIFICES.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

The noble red man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales and legends and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and his love of the wild free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness, his hatred of treachery, and his general nobility of character; and his metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead-work, and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy-figures representing human beings, who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the Noble Red Man. A lady clerk in a shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities were made by the Indians, and that there were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble old Son of the Forest, sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouched hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baneful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the Wawhoo-Vang-Wang of the Wack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the pale-face? Speak! sublime relic of bygone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!"

The relic said:

"An' is it meeself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injun, ye drawlin', lantern-jawed, spider-legged divil! By the piper that played before Moses, I'll ate ye!"

I went away from there.

By-and-by, in the neighborhood of the Terrapin Tower, I came upon a gentle daughter of the aborigines, in fringed and beaded buckskin moccasins and leggins, seated on a bench with her pretty wares about her. She had just carved out a wooden chief that had a strong family resemblance to a clothes-pin, and was now boring a hole through his abdomen to put his bow through. I hesitated a moment, and then addressed her:

"Is the heart of the forest maiden heavy? Is the Laughing-Tadpole lonely? Does she mourn over the extinguished council-fires of her race and the vanished glory of her ancestors? Or does her sad spirit wander afar towards the hunting grounds whither her brave Gobbler-of-the-Lightnings is gone! Why is my daughter silent? Has she aught against the pale-face stranger?"

The maiden said:

"Faix, an' is it Biddy Malone ye dare to be callin' names? Lave this, or I'll shy your lean carcass over the catharact, ye sniveling blagyard!"

I adjourned from there also. "Confound these Indians," I said; "they told me they were tame; but, if appearances should go for anything, I should say they were all on the war-path.

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War-Chiefs, Squaws and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the pale face from the land of the setting sun greets you! You Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer of Mountains—you, Roaring Thundergust—you, Bully-boy-with-a-Glass-Eye—the pale face from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating in your simplicity the property of others has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading for forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the ragtag and bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket! —and Hole-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutternipes—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scoop the blagyard!"

"Hang him!"

"Burn him!"

"Dhrownd him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead baskets, and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety or a hundred feet from the top, the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the Fall, whose celled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip and gaining on it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth, and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept around he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around again I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match!"

I said: "Take my place and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The Judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least, I am lying, any way—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind, I said:

"It is an awfully savage tribe of Indians that do the bead-work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from?"

"Limerick, my son."

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

—*Buffalo Express.*

Dahomey and its Human Sacrifices.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Dahomey is the great military monarchy of Western Africa. Small in itself, it becomes terrible by its entire devotion to works of conquest and slaughter. It is a huge association of human tigers.

The whole population of this formidable state is said to be only 200,000, of which no more than 20,000 are free. But probably no kingdom in the world possesses so large an army in proportion to its numbers. The military force of Dahomey consists of 5,000 men and 9,000 *women*; and of this force the most savage and ferocious portion is that of the women.

These female soldiers are all armed with long Danish muskets, and short swords and clubs. Their appearance on one of the grand parade-days is described as very striking. "The regiments, on entering the square, take up different positions, where they seat themselves on the ground, waiting to be summoned to the king's presence. Each regiment, on being commanded to advance, forms in irregular column, and the officers, who are distinguished by coral necklaces and superior dresses, advance before the troops, and kneel and utter many protestations of valor; such as: "We are men, and not women; we will conquer or die." They also declare where they wish the torrent of war to be next directed. At the review of 1850, Abbeokuta was thus pointed out: "Give us Abbeokuta! Attahpahm is destroyed; give us Abbeokuta! As grass is cut down to clear the road, so will we cut off the Abbeokutans."

"The king has great pride in his army, and often turned to us," says Mr. Forbes, "as the amazons went through their evolutions; he is proud of these female guards, who in every way rival the males."

War is the main resource of the Dahomeans. The king's exchequer is furnished by the produce of slaves captured on these warlike expeditions. The soldiers are clothed and fed at the expense of the king and the chiefs; but they receive no pay except as a reward for the prisoners they capture, or the skulls they bring home.

The great Annual Feast of Dahomey consists of too many ceremonies to be here described. A single scene is exhibited in the engraving,—the Human Sacrifices.

A large platform is erected in the centre of the market-place. It is decorated with tents and banners, and the king takes his place in the centre. A large distribution of cowries, tobacco, and other gifts, is made by the king to the waiting multitude. Then are brought forward the victims.

On the occasion when Mr. Forbes was present, fourteen unfortunate prisoners, Attahpahms, were thus produced. The prisoners were lashed hand and foot, and tied in small canoes and baskets, dressed in clean white dresses, with high red caps, and were borne above the heads of the people to the platform. They met the gaze of their murderers with a coolness which was truly astonishing. Ten of these human offerings, with an alligator and a cat, were guarded by male soldiers; the other four by amazons.

Three or four of these poor victims were ransomed by Mr. Forbes and Mr. Beecroft; but the rest could not be saved. Immediately under the royal stand stood seven or eight fell ruffians, armed with clubs and swords, grinning horribly. The victims were held high in the air, and the king made a speech, telling his people that of his prisoners he gave a portion to them, as his father had done. The first was then lowered and stripped of his clothes, and the foot of the basket placed on the parapet. The king then lifted the other end, and the poor creature was thrown forward. Before he could well have reached the ground, clubs and swords from all sides had done their work, and the body was dragged to a pit at some distance, where it was left for birds and beasts of prey. And some of the assistants in this brutal massacre were *women!*

NODDY'S SITUATION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"I give my daughter Julia three years. You understand? If she makes a good match within that period—well; if not, I have done with her: I wash my hands of her completely." Mrs. Muciller gently chafed her left hand with her right, arranged her rings, and replaced her fingers upon the lace handkerchief in her lap, as though the operation were completed.

"Amply sufficient, my dear Mrs. Muciller, for a young lady who doubtless inherits her mother's tact for improving a favorable opportunity;" and Mrs. Sharing took a comprehensive glance at the drawing-room of Braithfield Villa. The room was handsome and tasteful, as even a neighbor would allow. A cool green light shimmered in through the jasmine-covered verandah, and played in wavering little pools of subdued sunshine upon the carpet. A soft green fernery had taken the place of the winter fire-grate, its beauty reproduced in a plate-glass background. The furniture modern, and doubtless elegant, but swathed up in holland coverings, as though it were dead furniture, shrouded and laid out, waiting to be buried. A tiny fragile stem of frosted silver depended from the ceiling to carry the Greek lamp branches, hung with silver chains, and the perfect globes of egg-shell glass. The piano was Broadwood's grand; and displayed on dainty little tables, was the correct quantity of drawing-room stores.

As Mrs. Sharing mentally appraised the effects in her friend's room, she was not unmindful of the favorable opportunity that had been improved. It was not so many years since a Mrs. Cray, a widow with one daughter, had been a fashionable teacher of music and painting, and had found Mrs. Sharing one of the most useful of patrons.

It was at Mrs. Sharing's house she had first met Mr. Muciller, a successful speculator, who experienced little difficulty in tracing back his genealogy an extra generation for every ten thousand he netted. Mr. Muciller was a rich man when he married Mrs. Cray; but he went on speculating, as people will, and the crash came, and he was nearly ruined in fortune, and quite in health; for he took it to heart, and died, leaving Mrs. Muciller a widow for the second time, with a handsome house and a very slender income. Still, it had been a favorable opportunity for Mrs. Muciller, late Cray, all things considered.

"At least," Mrs. Muciller said, in reply to Mrs. Sharing's remark, "I can rely on Julia's discretion.—She is not likely to be betrayed into an undesirable match. My daughter is not flighty, like some girls."

When Mrs. Sharing had taken her leave, Mrs. Muciller thought a few minutes, and then touched the bell.

"Send Miss Noddy to me," she said to the servant.

Norah Cray, for that was Miss Noddy, can hardly be described as a relation of Mrs. Muciller, being nothing more than a kind of connection—in fact, a step-daughter, the child of her first husband, to be precise. She was a little thing for her age, which was quite two-and-twenty. She had smooth brown hair, neatly dressed, but rather odd-looking, as it actually showed the shape of the back of the little head, without any chignon at all to improve it. She had bright brown eyes too; but you could not say she was pretty. Hers was a plain face, but good tempered and pleasant to look upon. She came into the drawing-room, in answer to Mrs. Muciller's summons, in a print dress, not fashionable nor new, though neat and becoming, and her hands white with flour.

"Noddy, what *are* you doing, to come into the drawing-room in that state?"

"Pies," said Noddy laconically, and smiling.

"You might have waited till you had finished your work," said Mrs. Muciller, "as I wish to speak to you on something of importance.

"They said you wanted me directly, so I came," Noddy explained.

"Very well; as you are here, you may remain; but please, don't sit down, or you will be sure to soil the chairs with your floury hands. I need not remind you, Noddy," Mrs. Muciller said with a smooth and rather pretty lisp, "that I have sought to discharge the onerous and unthankful office of step-mother to you in two families to the best of my ability. You have too much good sense to feel hurt at not having been placed on a precise equality here with my daughter Julia. You well know that, had your poor father, Mr. Cray, still lived, you would, in all probability, have been required to take at least as active a share in household duties as you have done with me. You have therefore no reason, nor, I feel sure, any desire for complaint on that score. But it is needful I should inform you the time has arrived for a change in our mutual relations. You are aware Julia returns to-morrow from finishing her education. It is my intention to make great personal and pecuniary sacrifices, with a view to her advancement in life. It is probable we may entertain more company than we have been in the habit of doing, and consequently we may require more domestic assistance. But this and other expenses will involve pinching. I must pinch, you must pinch—we must all pinch, in fact. Under these circumstances, I am not disposed to continue to employ you in a subordinate capacity in the household, for people to make remarks about, and I cannot afford to retain you in any other. You will therefore see it to be your duty at once to look out for a situation as governess in some respectable family. I will not hurry you to a few weeks, and I shall do my best meantime to help you find such a situation; but I name three months as the time at which our present connection shall cease."

"Oh, dear," said Noddy, her usually cheerful face becoming quite blank—"I'm sure I'm not fit for a governess. I don't know nearly enough to teach."

"Perhaps not. No one does. What of that? You are quite as competent as many young ladies I know who go out. No girl is expected to be competent in her first place. You learn at your first situation what you want to teach at the second. It is the same in all businesses. Now, let us see what we can say in the advertisement—French, German, Italian, and the usual accomplishments, I suppose; that is the customary thing."

"But I scarcely know a word of French, not a syllable of German, and can't even understand an Italian song," objected Noddy; "and as to accomplishments, I can only play hymn tunes, as you call them, on the piano."

"Very well, miss; and pray, what of that? Nobody will ask you for more, will they? You will go with young children first; you can teach them English, and spelling, and that, and what little French you do know, and their notes on the piano; and if their parents wish for more, you can tell them it is not advisable to overfill little heads too soon, can't you?"

"But I should be so ashamed," pleaded Noddy. "Please, don't say all that, for indeed I couldn't teach at all when it was found out how ignorant I was of all I had professed; and people would despise me when they found me out."

"Nonsense: nobody will find you out. Why, how do you think I began as a drawing mistress? The same as other people do. I bought my specimens of a lady artist, and always took care to bring my pupils' drawings home to be corrected by the same lady. My drawings were admired, so were those of my pupils, and I obtained a connection. I forget what became of the artist; but you may be sure she never came to any good.

You see she had a certain order of talent for production, whilst I possessed the superior ability to render her commodity marketable. As to advertising anything short of what I have told you, it would be useless; every governess does the same, for the reason that every other governess does so too. If people believe it, that is their affair; mine just now is to get you a situation; and when I have done so, I shall consider myself relieved from further responsibility."

Noddy went back to her pies; but a heavy heart won't make light pastry, and Noddy's wouldn't rise.

The next day, Julia returned—a tall showy blonde of eighteen, with the languid air of completion which a finishing school so successfully imparts. Julia Mueller was an accomplished girl; she had learned all the last new tricks of musical execution, and showed peculiar facility in the performance of pieces of the Bubblings at Morn and Dribblings at Eve order. These she could rattle through with an air of easy superiority to the instrument, to the music, and even to her audience, as though such trifling feats of sleight-of-hand were the most easy of accomplishment in the world, as perhaps they are when once you know the trick. She was on singing terms with most of the gushing songs of flimsy sentiment of the day. She "knew an eye," belonging, it appeared, to some party who had had the other one made into a star, or had lost it in some other way to provoke admiration not quite so clear. She "saw two leaflets floating down a stream," and expressed regret at one having to "float onwards all alone" after its fellow had stuck in the bank. She aspired to be a bird—she "breathed for wings"—she sighed for "a fairy's life in an elfin grove;" but of the passion and suffering of humanity, and its love and tears, in a world that is in earnest, Julia did not sing. She could paint groups of impossible flowers, chatter boarding-school French, embroider in beads and wool, dance, and read novels on the sofa. In a word, Julia was finished.

Poor Noddy's little heart quite sank when she was admitted of evenings to the drawing-room (when there was no company) to hear the rehearsal of Miss Mueller's accomplishments, for it made her despair more than ever of being able to lay even the groundwork for such a display. But the advertisement was already sent to a weekly paper, spite of all Noddy's entreaties, detailing her proficiency; and so she could see nothing to be done but to borrow some of Julia's early school-books, and try, in spare moments, to gain a little knowledge of what she was expected to teach. It was with some difficulty that she could even do this, for Mrs. Mueller did not like to see her reading, observing that her duty was to devote her mind exclusively to household affairs, and there would be plenty of time for study when she went to her first situation. "You have only to keep yourself one lesson in advance of your pupils," Mrs. Mueller said, "and you are safe. It is very strange if a grown person of average ability cannot manage to compete with children to that extent." So Noddy would get up early, and get all her dusting done, and manage to make an hour at least for study before breakfast.

Within a week of Julia's return from school, Mrs. Mueller received this letter by afternoon post:

LONDON, June 27, 18—.

DEAR MRS. MUCILLER—You will be surprished to hear I'm just home from Bombay—more so, perhaps, to learn I'm tired of India, and mean to settle in England. I shall run down and pay you a visit in a day or two, and shall probably stay till you turn me out, as your cool country scenery will be a relief to eyes that still have the glare of the Indian sun in them. Don't put yourself out of the way. You need not reply, as I shall not be in London after to-morrow.

Yours, FRANK GEOGAGAN.

"Well, that's cool," said Julia.

"It certainly is," replied Mrs. Mueller; "but he must come. In the first place, he is a nephew of the late Mr. Mueller, and I suppose fancies he has some right in his uncle's house. In the next place, I am not disposed to dispute the point, for he has been making a deal of money in India in connection with a Reclamation of Land Company. He must have turned a pretty penny, or he would not think of settling down yet. Those Geogagans are a money-making family, and always were, and not satisfied with a little. I should have invited him myself, had I known him to be in England. I consider his visit highly desirable. You must look your best, Julia, when he comes."

Julia languidly smiled obedience. "But he does not say when he is coming, mamma?"

"No; just like the Geogagans—always thoughtless. However, we need not trouble about that to-day, as it is time for you to dress for Mrs. Sharing's croquet party."

So Julia rang the bell for Noddy to come and do her hair.

CHAPTER II.

The 28th of June being the anniversary of Coronation Day, is kept holiday at most country places. Both Mrs. Mueller's servants had hurried to get their work done early; and as "their people," to wit, Mrs. Mueller and her daughter (for Noddy didn't count) were going out, they were given the afternoon as a holiday.

It was a real treat to Noddy to get a spare afternoon all to herself, with no work to do, and no one to find fault with her. Noddy made up her mind she would spend the time in trying to learn how to teach music. So she went in to the piano in the drawing-room. I don't like digressions, but pardon me for a moment. I would not have you think Norah Cray an ignorant girl simply because she owned herself consciously unfit for a governess: she was not that. Her opportunities had been scanty enough. She left school at thirteen to "make herself useful." But Noddy had read a great deal, and possessed besides much intuitive knowledge of the right and wrong of things, though without being at all times able to reduce it to such a rule and science as would properly qualify for a teacher. She at least had this wisdom, that when she did not know anything, she would make no secret of her ignorance about it; and if all of us did the same, we might none of us seem quite so wise as we do. Noddy had picked up a fair knowledge of music, though not of a showy sort. Fireworks on the piano completely baffled her; but she could play some of Mozart's quieter sonatas with taste and real feeling, and they delighted her heart, though they were utterly unsuited for display. But what Noddy was now anxious to learn was how to teach. So she began at the beginning of her Pianoforte Tutor, and went slowly on till she came to the scales, which she commenced practising.

It being very hot, all the doors and windows of the house were thrown open to get the breeze, and the fragrant breath swept in through the hall door, and along the passage, and to the drawing-room, bearing the scent of roses and jasmine to Noddy, as she sat there practising scales. It is rather monotonous work, but Noddy's whole mind was in it. She was indeed so absorbed in her occupation, that if a person had come up the gravel-path, and across the lawn, and straight into the room where she was, it is doubtful if she would have noticed it. Of course, it would be unlikely; but I say if a person had done so (the piano was at the farthest end, in the shadow of the large room), Noddy was so preoccupied, that it is not probable she would have observed the intrusion. She had been grinding away at the F minor scale, up and down, down and up—*one* and two and three and four, and *one* and two and—

"Oh, bother!" said Noddy, flinging her hands on her lap; "what an awful little goose you are! You haven't a bit of gumption, nor a mite of common sense. As to being a governess, and can't play scales, you must be a noodle to think of it—a dreadful noodle!"

"You're about right there!" said an unmistakable masculine voice from somewhere by the door. Noddy started as if she had been shot; then she came over red and hot at being surprised. But the owner of the voice walked boldly into the room. Noddy being left in sole charge of Braithfield Villa, and seeing an entire stranger march in like this, did not like the look of it. *His* looks were nothing to provoke dislike, be it said—a tall, fine-bronzed man of thirty, with a tawny moustache and handsome sunburned features. She resolved to challenge him.

"What do you want?" she said brusquely.

"You," said he—"you are Miss Mueller, I imagine?"

"No; I am Noddy—Norah Cray, that is," she stammered, correcting herself. "Please, what is it?"

"Cray?" the stranger said—"Cray? Any relation to Mrs. Mueller?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I think I know, then. So you are Miss Cray, eh? You will see who I am from this card; and as you have not offered me a seat, I'll take one, after shaking hands with you." He held out his hand frankly, and Norah could not refuse it.

"I don't know who you are," said Noddy. The stranger had lounged himself on the sofa.

"Then, perhaps, you'll look and see."

"Mr. Frank Go-Go-Geog-a-gan?" asked Norah, puzzled.

"*Ga*-gan, if you don't mind. "It's spelt heathenish, but it reads easy. You've heard of your cousin, Frank Geogagan, in India, surely? That is, he might have been your cousin, if Mrs. Mueller's marriages had not mixed the relationships so confoundedly."

"No," said Norah.

He whistled. "Didn't Mrs. Mueller tell you I was coming?"

Norah did not wish to expose the precise state of things between herself and her stepmother, and did not choose to tell an untruth; so she replied:

"Mrs. Mueller received a letter just before she went out this afternoon, but she was hurried, and I did not know its contents. So you are expected, then?"

"I said I was coming, but not exactly when."

"That's awkward," said Noddy.

"Why?"

"Because we are not prepared to receive you. Mrs. Mueller would have been home, and Julia, had they expected you to arrive to-day."

"You are very plain."

"You are not complimentary," retorted Noddy.

"I didn't refer to your looks; but I wonder if you would insist on my saying they were anything different?"

"You can say what you please," said Noddy; "it is a guest's privilege."

"Whew!" Mr. Geogagan whistled softly. "Nettled, eh?"

"No; I justify your remark, that is all. You called me plain."

"So you are going out as governess, I heard you say. Pray, are you competent to teach?"

"I don't think so."

"Then why do you go?"

"I think you have no right to inquire."

"Gracious! Why, you forget I'm your cousin, and take a family interest in you already."

"If you do, you won't ask," said Noddy.

"But I do, and still ask."

"Then I can't tell you."

"Well, you are the coolest little baggage of a cousin to welcome any one home from abroad one could well expect to find. Are you not glad to see me?"

"Well, not particularly," said Noddy. "How should I be, never having seen you or heard of you before? Besides, you come at an awkward time, when nobody is at home. And for aught I know, you may be an impostor, and have watched your opportunity to enter the house when it is unprotected. I don't think you are that, though—you are not polite enough. But one never knows."

"Upon my word, you are not flattering. Still, at anyrate, I think you might have offered me some refreshment, as I have just come off a journey."

"I am very sorry," said Noddy; "but Mrs. Mueller has taken the keys with her. I can only offer you a cup of tea or coffee, and some bread and butter. Everything else is locked up."

As Mr. Frank seemed to think that would do very well indeed, Noddy went out to prepare it, and presently returned with a tray of tea and coffee and a single cup."

"*Two* cups, please," said Mr. Frank. Norah was not generally accustomed to take her meals with the family. She was certain Mrs. Mueller would not like this arrangement, but divining a refusal might prove embarrassing, she brought a second cup, and joined Mr. Geogagan at tea. When they had finished, Mr. Geogagan said he should walk up to the station to arrange about his luggage being sent, and on his return he should insist on Noddy giving him some music. No sooner was he fairly out of the house, than Norah hastened to Mrs. Sharing's, to let Mrs. Mueller know of the arrival of a visitor. However, Julia was in the middle of an exciting game at croquet, and learning that Mr. Geogagan was gone out again, she prevailed on her mother to remain till it was finished. Meantime, Noddy returned to Braithfield Villa. In five minutes, in walked Mr. Frank again, clamorous for his music. Now, Noddy was never in the habit of playing for anybody's amusement but her own, and was quite certain if Mrs. Mueller heard of her taking the liberty of playing to please a visitor, it would be considered a deadly offence. Moreover, she expected Mrs. Mueller to arrive every minute.

But Mr. Frank insisted with such vehemence that a refusal seemed like palpable affectation; so that Noddy risked the consequences, and began to play Mozart's Ah Perdona! She had only got half way through it, when Mrs. Mueller and Julia appeared at the window. Noddy shut up the piano, threw down her music, and fled.

"What impertinence!" ejaculated the widow. She was so fairly astounded at Noddy's barefaced impudence, as to be betrayed into making this remark aloud—and Frank Geogagan heard it. She had the tact, however, at once to divine it, and to correct her mistake. "What impertinence, Mr. Frank, of you, to be sure, to come and take us all by surprise without a word of warning! However, we must try and overlook it, as it is your first offence. I'm sure I hope it will not be the last. We are delighted to receive you, although, had you told us when to expect you, we might have given you a better reception."

"Well," said Mr. Frank (but he detected the artifice), "I thought I told you pretty exactly. I said 'in a day or two,' if I remember right, and I came in '*a* day' instead of 'two,' to show my anxiety to pay my earliest respects to my aunt—and her daughter—for I presume this is Julia?" Julia made a most finished *reverence*, and offered her hand in the most approved style. Julia was well and carefully dressed for the croquet party. "That is fortunate, at anyrate," Mrs. Mueller thought. "We might have been surprised at greater disadvantage. So much depends upon first impressions."

A few interchanges of courtesies from the ladies, with commonplaces from Mr. Frank, and Mrs. Mueller and her daughter retired to remove their bonnets—if the little bits of flowers and lace adorning their hair might be so designated. Mrs. Mueller took this opportunity of administering a severe rebuke to Noddy upon her boldness, forwardness, and presumption in attempting to entertain their visitor in a manner so unbecoming. It was not couched in gentle terms, but in words that sting the more from having truth in them. She reminded Noddy of her dependence, of her prospects as a governess, of her own father's position (he was Mrs. Mueller's first husband, be it remembered), and contrasted these with her behavior not to *her* guest, but to Mrs. Mueller's. If the sting of a rebuke be any criterion of its deservedness, Mrs. Mueller's was richly merited, for poor Noddy went away to cry where there were no eyes to triumph over her distress.

But Mrs. Mueller was a student of expediency. She felt it would be undesirable (a favorite word of hers) that Noddy should continue to take her meals apart from the family, with a visitor in the house. The continuance of such a course would convey an impression, not so much false, as undesirable. She therefore "desired" Miss Norah's presence at supper, and made known her wishes for the future. But Noddy pleaded headache as excuse for that evening, and remained in her room, hearing the sounds of music come faintly up from the drawing-room when the door was opened, till bedtime.

Next morning, Noddy was up and about soon after the lark. As blithely as he, she was singing about her work, for there is nothing in all the world like cheerful work to prevent any one feeling dull and unhappy. How strange a drawing-room looks in the morning-light, in all the disarrangement of only a "little music" of the night before! The piano heaped up with songs—songs on the floor—songs on the tables, on the chairs—here and there—everywhere. Furniture untidy and displaced—antimacassars to be newly smoothed and arranged. Confusion that the sun lights up into chaotic disorder, but which candlelight eyes do not notice. Nobody ever dared touch the drawing-room to "tidy" it but Noddy—that was her particular province and her pride. There she was, that bright June morning, sweeping and sweeping away, and singing, as her mind, like the lark's, soared above the dust.

"Bravo! Cousin Noddy!"

It was Mr. Frank, who had been strolling about the lawn with a cigar in the fresh morning air, and who had walked up to the window.

"Oh, dear," said Noddy, "please don't tease me. Don't you see I'm busy?"

"I'm coming in to see," said Mr. Geogagan, entering the casement.

Noddy looked pleasant enough as she was surprised in her print morning-dress—her brown hair neatly arranged close to her head, where it could not stop without struggling out into little curls here and there; and a faint blush on her cheeks—partly shy, partly vexed at being caught, and partly ashamed of being vexed.

"Oh, please, go away—do—or I must sweep you up," she entreated; and "Oh, please, go away," she added, more seriously, remembering Mrs. Mueller had cautioned her respecting her behaviour to Mr. Geogagan.

So Mr. Frank went and finished his cigar by himself.

CHAPTER III.

Six weeks had come and gone at Braithfield Villa. The advertisement had been inserted five times—but still no answer. A situation as governess is not the easiest thing to obtain. It is something like that of prime minister—there are always plenty of candidates for the office, and most of the candidates (poor things) are about as well fitted for it.

Mr. Frank had more than fulfilled Mrs. Mueller's most sanguine anticipations. He had proved a most attentive cavalier to Julia. He paid respectful deference to her piano performances and to her singing; indeed, he seemed particularly impressed with her rendering of *Twilight Twitterings*—a Reverie, by some noodle or other, that sounded very like fairies hammering in tin tacks. As for music! I am only surprised at Mr. Frank's taste; but I suppose it came new to him on his return from India. He would lounge about, smoking, whilst Julia painted flowers or embroidered him a smoking cap. He accompanied her in walks and rambles; he was her attendant at croquet parties, and pic-nics, and morning calls. Julia received these courtesies with artful unaffectedness, and her mother remarked them with inward satisfaction. Nothing afforded Mrs. Mueller more sincere delight than when people began to couple Julia's name with Mr. Geogagan's. They were not actually engaged, however; indeed, beyond the courtesies referred to, Mr. Frank had made not the slightest attempt at anything more decisive. But still, people will talk, and Mrs. Mueller liked to hear them. People began vaguely to suppose that Julia had made a fortunate hit, and that it was in all probability an accomplished fact; but they hesitated to do more than hint their belief, without something like foundation. Mrs. Mueller, fully aware of the important part gossip plays in the history of daily life, determined to turn it to account. She reasoned thus: Mr. Geogagan is evidently impressed with Julia, but he is a little shy, or dilatory, in coming to the point. In either case, a favorable rumor may do much in bringing about a desirable result. It may encourage him: it *must* stimulate him.

With this idea, in the course of her next private conversation with Mrs. Sharing, when that lady inquired, with certain friendly nods and elevations of the eyebrows, if she might venture to offer congratulations on a certain fortunate event, Mrs. Mueller gave her unmistakably to understand that she might, although perhaps expressed in that coy language of partial reserve with which women like to enhance the value of private communications.

Now, thought Mrs. Mueller, I know Mrs. Sharing to be the greatest gossip in the neighborhood. She will be certain to spread the news of Julia's rumored engagement far and wide. It will undoubtedly get round to Frank Geogagan, and will lead him at once to make that proposal for which he seems so ready. So the rumor shall make the fact, and the fact keep the rumor in countenance.

Meantime, the subject of Mrs. Mueller's design appeared to be in most genial ignorance. He continued to pay the same respectful attentions to his charming cousin Julia. He took little notice of Noddy, as a consideration for the lady of the house indeed dictated, for he had more than once observed that any slight attention to Miss Cray was visited on *her* with a glance of disfavor from Mrs. Mueller when she thought he was not looking. But Frank Geogagan had very quick restless eyes that could see round a corner.

As for Noddy, if she owned to herself one feeling at all about the matter, it was just one of sadness that a school-girl should render a *man* so artificial and constrained, and unlike his real self, as she thought Mr. Geogagan was becoming. But there was another feeling at the bottom of her heart, that Noddy would not own to herself. The wind bloweth where it listeth: you cannot tell whence it comes or how. There were Phæacian ships with sails ever set that carried their owners without oar or effort withersoever they listed. And in these six weeks Noddy had come to love Mr. Frank. She would not have confessed it to herself; she would have despised herself had she believed it. How was it? Dear soul! Is there any better reason to be given for loving anybody than the child's reason—Because I do? Must we not all come back to that? Noddy had seen few people; few people had ever taken notice of her, or seemed to think of her as worth talking to or caring about. Mr. Frank always had a word of some sort for her. Many a morning he would chat pleasantly to her as she dusted the room; many a time he would refrain from speaking to her, or of her, before Mrs. Mueller, for her sake. Well, you may say this, or you may put it how you will, but you will have to come back to the little child's reason at last, for all the wiser people in the world who have tried to give any better explanation have talked nonsense, and, what is more, owned it.

Frank Geogagan had made many friends in the neighborhood, and it was not long before one of them congratulated him on his engagement to Julia Mueller. It staggered him at the first; but, bless you! Mr. Frank had his eyes about him. He took it as coolly as possible; never said a word to contradict it. He saw it would not do, as this would be a palpable reflection on Mrs. Mueller, by whose tacit endorsement at least he ascertained such a report had obtained currency at all. He just smiled, and thanked his friends, and so gave renewed credence to the report, which now had received the final stamp of veracity. Mind, I do not defend Mr. Frank's conduct; I only state what he did; and now I am going to tell you what came of it.

Dear reader—you who have followed me thus far—do you think I am telling you fiction? If so, I ought not to make Frank Geogagan a party after the fact to a deceit. There was once an audience that thought the squeak of Archippus more life-like than that of the real pig. Remember this.

The latter end of August, a pic-nic had been arranged to Cherleigh Lake—a most delightful jaunt, and Mrs. Mueller, Julia, and her Indian lover were to go, of course. It so happened, however, at the very last minute, that important business required Mr. Geogagan's attention in London. I need not further relate the nature of the business than to say it was understood to be something in connection with the Indian Reclamation of Land Company, and that it was urgent. It was not a letter that summoned Mr. Geogagan, but a printed notice, stating that, in consequence of the sudden depreciation of shares (which had previously gone up many hundred per cent. above their paid-up value,) a heavy call was to be made on the shareholders.

Mind—once more. It is not for me to defend Mr. Geogagan. I take the facts as they come. I cannot apologise for facts, and won't. It was settled that Mrs. Mueller and her daughter were to go to the pic-nic, while Mr. Geogagan went to London to transact his business. Mr. Frank never went near the metropolis at all; he just marched over to Mr. Sharing's to smoke a cigar. When the house was clear, Noddy sat down at her books, to study teaching.

It has been said Mrs. Mueller knew Mrs. Sharing for a gossip. Mr. Frank also knew Mr. Sharing for one. With this knowledge, how it was he went and confided to such a man the state of his affairs, I must leave to you to guess.

Over their cigars he stated something like this to Mr. Sharing:

"The fact is this. Every penny I could get together I put into this Indian Land Reclamation scheme. The shares went up fabulously, till a hundred pounds became worth thousands. The scheme was feasible, and likely to succeed and to pay at any premium the shares could go to, it was so good. I had every confidence in it. Suddenly, a panic comes, the shares drop nearly to par before we in England can get the intelligence, and we are called on to pay up our amounts. Now, I know you are accustomed to advance money on security—will you lend me three thousand pounds on a deposit of shares to twice the amount?"

"Ah, my young friend," said Mr. Sharing, "you see that's your way and the way of yours, always. Here you go and mix yourself up in the rashest of speculations without a chance of success—as independent as you can be, all the time—you're all alike. Then you get into a hole, as we say—and you come to me to help you out. Look you; your shares are not worth that"—and he snapped his fingers—"not worth the paper they are printed on. Three thousand pounds. Three thousand fiddles, sir."

"But," said Mr. Frank, "it is only a temporary depression, owing to a panic: the scheme is a good one—the shares will go up again."

"Yes, like a gunpowder mill! The whole affair will explode—that will be the next rise, and the only one. I'm sorry for you—sorry for you, sir:" Mr. Sharing gently emphasised his sorrow by tapping it out with his finger-points on the table—"thought you had better judgment. You are just like a moth. You have been dazzled with a glittering prospect, and rushed straight into the flame. Now you complain that your wings are singed."

"Pardon—I have not complained. I do not believe my case so bad as you represent, and I do not despair of making you see it in a different light. Rumor may have informed you that I have been so fortunate as to secure the affections of Miss Mueller. I have not made minute inquiries as to the amount of that young lady's fortune, not wishing to appear mercenary, but I have every reason to suppose from the style in which her mother and herself are living, and from the fact of her being an only daughter, that she will receive a handsome portion on her marriage. If you take this into consideration, you may be disposed to look upon my security as at least sufficient to cover the loan I seek."

Mr. Sharing was silent for a minute. "That is how the wind blows, is it!" he thought. "So you fancied you had got hold of a fortune, my fine fellow: and Mrs. Mueller, on her part, was of very much the same opinion respecting you. Why, the girl won't have a penny! As if the style in which a woman lives, who has a daughter to marry, could be the least criterion of her means! *You* know very little of the world, Mr. Frank." But he remarked aloud: "I have certainly heard of your happiness in that respect, but you will bear in mind you are not yet married to Miss Mueller. There's many a slip you know. And in addition to this, I have every reason to believe that whatever may be the extent of Miss Mueller's fortune, it would be placed beyond her husband's control." "That's about the neatest way I can put it without injuring the young lady," he thought. "For that matter, her fortune is beyond *anybody's* control!" And he smiled and tapped the table again.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Frank.

"Well, sir?"

"Then am I to understand that you refuse to entertain the question?"

"Entirely. I don't discount possibilities, but only extreme probabilities. It is not in my line."

"I need not remind you, at any rate, that the subject of our conversation is private," said Mr. Frank.

"And confidential. Certainly. May I offer you another cigar?—No?—Well, if you must be going, *good*-morning, sir."

"Private and confidential—stuff and nonsense!" Mr. Sharing observed to himself, as soon as he was alone. "That is all very fine, young gentleman,—but it is right Mrs. Mueller should get just a hint that her great catch is a very little fish, that had better be thrown into the river again. I will tell Mrs. Sharing, and trust her to make use of the information."

Mr. Frank went back to Braithfield, and found Noddy sitting in the window, trying hard to perfect herself in the mysteries of the accordance of French *participes passes*. She was huddled up with her book in her lap, her elbows on her knees, and her head in her hands.

"Noddy!"

"What, not gone to London? Have you missed the train, Mr. Geogagan?"

"No—neither: I was not going. Put on your bonnet, and come out for a walk."

She hesitated.

"Come, put away your books. The walk will do you good—and Julia will not be jealous."

Still she hesitated: she thought of Mrs. Mueller.

"Come, Noddy; I am in difficulty and some trouble—and I think you can help me. So, put away those books."

Noddy hesitated no longer. In two minutes, she was ready, and came down with a calm, wise expression on her little face, ready to help.

They sat out, and walked for nearly half an hour without a word. Noddy remembered she was wanted for help or advice of some kind, and so was quiet, waiting to hear. Through pleasant cornfields, glistening like seas of restless gold, while the warm summer breath passed over the ripe ears, and bowed them in long fleeting waves, whereon the cloud-shadows floated—wide, swelling waves that calmly rolled the sunshine along to cool reedy music, as the breeze played on the heavy grain—and burning poppies were upheaved or borne under by the chasing waves. By hedges, bright with summer flowers, and cool with ferns and creeping green. Along paths patterned over with the moving shadows of oak, and elm, and willow.

"Noddy, what would you say if I told you I was ruined?"

"I should say I didn't believe you."

"All the property I have in India is in the 'Anglo-Waddy Company' for the reclamation of land from the sea. I doubt if I shall ever see a sixpence of it again. Mr. Sharing told me to-day, the share certificates are not worth the paper they are printed on."

"Well," said Noddy, "I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

"All?" he returned, rather sharply. "Is it not enough to be ruined? Not a sixpence of it, not a penny piece, shall I see again!"

"Oh," Noddy said, half talking to herself, "is that ruin? It seems to me a man is never ruined while he has life, and health, and strength, and cheerful courage."

"It is easy to talk. You never had any money to lose."

"No; not much. But I have a little property for all that."

"Indeed. And pray how much?"

"Thirty pounds in the savings-bank, which my father left me."

Mr. Frank laughed, despite his own trouble.

"Dear me! I didn't know you were an heiress before. How you would grieve to lose your money!"

"I should be sorry."

"Then you can't find fault with me for being the same at losing so many thousands."

"The amount makes no difference. My thirty pounds is my all, and I should be just

as sorry to lose it as you are at losing your all. But though I'm only a woman, I shouldn't say I was ruined—that is absurd."

"You are a Job's comforter, at all events."

"There are very few comforters *like* Job's, in these days," said Noddy—"very few persons who would sit down in silent sympathy, the deepest of all sympathies, for three days and three nights with a friend."

"So you look upon me as a friend?"

"Yes," said Noddy, blushing a little, but displeased with herself for doing so, on account of an avowal so innocent.

"And can you give me any better advice than Job's friends?"

"Perhaps not."

"Tell me what you think I ought to do."

"Do!" said Noddy quickly. "Go and work. It's a brave thing, work is. You will forget all about being ruined, and only remember you are a *man*, doing a man's work. I don't know what I should do without work myself; it's the most soothing and refreshing comfort I know, even to me, and it must be better to a man. But your case is nothing like Job's. If it had been only his money Job had lost, his friends would just have stayed at home, and sent messengers offering to help him to work, and Job is just the sort of man who would have been content to take it."

"Noddy, I really believe you're right."

"I'm sure I am. Haven't you seen me sweep?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Frank; "but that is hardly in my way—digging would come more natural than that."

"Then dig. But there's plenty of work for earnest workers with brains without digging. I don't pretend to tell you the exact direction in which it lies, because that is out of my province; but I am sure you will find it, if you are in earnest."

"I will," said Mr. Frank, and he was quiet again for a little.

And Noddy was quiet too. She had something on her mind she wished to say, but hardly liked to mention it. However, she began: "If you mean what you say, you will not remain much longer here."

"I shall not remain much longer here," he echoed abstractedly.

"You will begin at once to strike out a new path, as a brave man should; and you will walk as straight, and feel as proud as a man ought who feels he is neither ruined nor disgraced when he has only lost his money."

"Gently, Noddy. People don't like to see much of this sort of thing in any but the rich."

"Then people are wrong, and must be shown so. But what I want to say is this: If you have lost all your money, you may have expenses to meet, and one thing and another that may harass you, and prevent your beginning clear."

Mr. Frank nodded. "Quite so," he said, and shook his head gravely.

"Well, would you mind—that is, if I lent you twenty pounds of my property, would you be certain sure to pay it back to me again somewhere? I can't spare more very well, as I want ten pounds of it to get myself ready for the situation I am looking for. But I thought it might come in handy."

"Just so," said Mr. Frank, and shook his head again gravely; "there's no doubt about it."

"You see, I should not have proposed it, but I should charge you interest, and that would do away with all obligation."

"Entirely," Mr. Frank coincided; "that would be a regular commercial transaction. And the interest would be?"

"Three per cent.—the same as the bank gives."

"And you would require my note of hand for the amount."

"No," said Noddy, laughing at the idea as absurd; "I can trust you for that."

"What! for nearly all your property?"

"Yes; because it would not ruin *me* if I lost it."

"Well, I will take your money, Noddy—it will be very acceptable—and I won't cheat you."

"No," Noddy said; "I hope you won't, for I look upon it as safe as the bank."

Mr. Frank laughed.

So it was settled that Noddy should draw her money from the bank on the following day.

"You are a good little friend, Noddy," Mr. Frank said, as they walked home.

"No," Noddy said; "I hope I should have done as much for any one."

Noddy meant to tell the truth. Maybe she "hoped" she would; but I am not at all certain she would. However, she had never before felt so rich as at the prospect of helping Mr. Frank. Her twenty pounds seemed to her quite a large property, and she almost jumped to the conclusion that it would go a good way towards making a prosperous man of Mr. Geogagan again.

Mrs. Mucilier and Julia returned from the picnic party rather bored. It was "awfully slow," Julia decided; and "so many stuck-up girls that it was quite horrid."

Mr. Geogagan spent the evening listening to Julia's music with as much apparent appreciation and interest as though he had not been unsuccessful in his attempt to raise the loan he wished from Mr. Sharing.

CHAPTER IV.

One day passed—two days—three days, with little worthy of remark. Then Mrs. Mucilier, becoming impatient at receiving no replies to the advertisement respecting Norah Cray, made a call on Mrs. Sharing to consult her about some immediate steps for getting Noddy out. At the close of her visit, Mrs. Sharing imparted the bit of news she had been burning to tell, but yet treasured up for her last communication—namely, that on the most reliable authority, her Indian nephew was not worth a dozen rupees; and that he had actually attempted to raise a loan on his prospects of marriage with Miss Mucilier.

"Quite absurd, you know," said Mrs. Sharing; "but it just shows what he is worth."

"But I know he has money," Mrs. Mucilier protested indignantly. "I'm certain of it. That Reclamation Company is a wonderfully good thing, and I know his money is in that. I have made every inquiry."

"Exactly. But that is the very reason. The Anglo-Waddy Company has gone to entire ruin. My husband says the shares are not worth sixpence."

This was a great blow for Mrs. Mucilier, especially remembering that she had only herself to blame for promulgating the report of Julia's engagement to this adventurer. The one little bit of comfort she had remaining was, that Mr. Geogagan had been as much deceived in thinking Julia had expectations as she had been with him. But that did not mend the matter, which presented itself to her mind in the light of a most atrocious take in, and she said so.

"Well, but," said Mrs. Sharing, "the company was prospering when he left India, and there is no reason to suppose he has been guilty of intentional deception."

"What has that to do with it? How does that make any reparation for the injury it has caused to my daughter's prospects? Everybody knows of the engagement, and people will talk. Oh, how they will talk! It is abominable! It will be most prejudicial to Julia to break it off now; but it must be done at any cost. And a most fortunate escape it will be."

Mrs. Mucilier returned to tea at Braithfield Villa, outwardly calm and cool, but, as may be imagined, in not the most placid serenity of mind. She made not the slightest alteration in her behavior to Mr. Geogagan, who appeared in very fair spirits, and entirely unsuspicious of the coming storm.

Mrs. Mucilier was a woman of quick action; a course once resolved on with her was put into execution immediately. When tea was finished, she blandly requested Noddy and Julia to leave the room. Her manner of doing this was so marked, that had Mr. Frank not been deeply interested in a book he was reading on the sofa, he might have had his suspicions aroused.

When they were alone, Mrs. Mucilier commenced: "Mr. Geogagan, will you do me the favor to pay attention to a few words I have to say?"

"I am all attention," said Mr. Frank, dropping his book, and drawing himself comfortably on to the sofa-cushion.

"When you invited yourself as my guest, I had not the slightest idea that you would place me in a false position."

"Nor I," said Mr. Frank resignedly, his hands languidly crossed, with the air of a martyr.

"I had no idea that you would avail yourself of my hospitality to betray the confidence naturally reposed in a visitor."

Mrs. Mucilier paused, expecting an answer; but Mr. Frank was silent.

"Or," she continued, "I should not have extended towards you that hospitality. You will excuse my being plain, but it is my duty to be so."

Mr. Frank extended his hands and bent his head, as deprecating such an apology.

"Your conduct towards my daughter Julia has been most heartlessly cruel."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Frank.

"Pardon me; I don't wish to be interrupted. Most heartlessly cruel. You have paid her marked attentions at home and abroad, and have given currency to a most undesirable report that you were engaged to her, without any reference whatever to my wishes or feelings. I do not, of course, pretend to know the extent to which you have influenced her mind, or the hold you may have succeeded in obtaining over her affections; but I must say you have no right to promulgate a report that, in my opinion, is injurious to my daughter's prospects."

"I have paid your daughter no more attention than ordinary courtesy to a relative would dictate. As to an engagement, I have not thought it needful to make a reference to you on the subject, Mrs. Mucilier, not having had the slightest notion of such a thing, until I heard the report you allude to, which certainly did not originate from me."

"It is most singular how such a report could have obtained currency had you given no occasion for it," said Mrs. Mucilier.

"There I agree with you; and significant also," said Mr. Frank.

"And significant also. Had your attentions to Julia been restricted to home courtesies, it might have been less so. But when you seek, on the strength of such a report, previously disseminated by you, to use your rumored engagement as the security on which to borrow money, it becomes still more than significant, it becomes conclusive of something that is detestably disgraceful."

Mrs. Mucilier paused, wishing for an answer to a shot that combined truth and falsehood so deftly that she knew it would tell; but there was only one answer Mr. Frank could have given at the moment. If it had been a man who had stung him like this, Mr. Frank would have knocked him down; but as it was a lady, he was silent.

"In entering my household," Mrs. Mucilier proceeded, "you led me tacitly to understand that you were at least in as prosperous a position as I had reason to believe you were some years ago. It is useless to say you did not actually state this in so many words; you led me to believe it, and took no pains to dissipate such a belief. Such conduct I can only characterize as the basest duplicity. You then sought, by the cunning artifice of a hinted engagement with my daughter, to mortgage her expectations as well as to injure her prospects. Such a proceeding I can only stigmatize as contemptible and systematic villainy. Your future course, whilst you remain in my house—"

But Mr. Frank just walked into the hall, took his hat, and scribbling a pencilled address on an envelope, gave it to the servant for Miss Cray, and walked out, leaving his luggage and personal effects to be sent after him.

The note contained only an acknowledgment of the sum of twenty pounds borrowed from Norah.

CHAPTER V.

People did talk; and the bitterness of it to Mrs. Mucilier was that it was all her own doing. However, she was equal to the occasion. She had made one attempt to bring Julia out at eighteen with indifferent success. As a shopkeeper, whose goods have been exposed in his window for a few weeks, and become a trifle soiled, will remove them to the back of his shop, that they may come out fresh again by-and-by, so Mrs. Mucilier, whose daughter had become a trifle fly-blown by the exposure, resolved to send Julia to France to finish her education for the second time, to come out fresh at eighteen again in another twelvemonth. It took a few weeks to complete the necessary arrangements for Julia's departure, during which time Mrs. Mucilier's attention was distracted from Noddy's affairs. The only *sentiment* of emotion at the *contre-temps* exhibited by Julia consisted in a renewed expression, in song, of something like regret that the "two leaves were parted in the stream;" but as to any *feeling* of emotion, she probably had about as much as the "other leaf," that "floated forward all alone."

Towards the close of September, a very few days after Miss Julia had become a *pensionaire*, of a Parisian establishment, Mrs. Mucilier pounced upon an advertisement in the local paper.

"At last!" she exclaimed, to Noddy; "here is the very thing for you. It seems like a providence. Here have we been trying the London papers for weeks, and the very identical thing suddenly turns up in our own little print. I'll read it:

"'Wanted—a Governess. The advertiser wishes to obtain instruction for a child turned eight years old. English only required. Address W., Pinewood, Lynhurst, Hants.'

Just what you want—no accomplishments whatever mentioned; so write directly."

"Yes," said Noddy, "I will. I like the look of that advertisement. There is not too much said, and not too much required."

Noddy wrote three or four notes before she could manage one to suit the conciseness of the advertisment. The one she sent was this:

"*September* 26, 18—.

"To W.

"I think I am competent to undertake the situation. NORAH CRAY."

Return of post brought the following reply:

"*September* 28, 18—.

"To Miss Norah Cray.

"If Miss Cray is of that opinion, she is requested to be at Lyndhurst Station at 7.15 P. M., to-morrow. Carriage will be sent.

"W."

"P. M?" Mrs. Mucilier remarked. "Not a very suitable time to engage a governess. However, that is not my affair."

Noddy was so really anxious to secure a situation for which she thought herself qualified, that she would have gone had it been M. M.—twelve o'clock at midnight.

"You will not make any frivolous objections about accepting this situation," Mrs. Mucilier said. "The family, whoever they are, seem evidently disposed to engage you, and you will understand I have *no* further occasion for your services with me. Should you be engaged at once, I do not even see that it would be needful for you to return. You forgot yourself more than once in your demeanor to a visitor of mine; it is not my wish you should have another opportunity of making a similar mistake. If you return at all, it will be your own fault; and if you suffer for it, it will be a consequence of your own folly."

"I will really try," returned Noddy; "for indeed I am in earnest for employment. But you will not be angry if I return unsuccessful? You would not turn me away?"

"If you return, I do not think I should turn you away. People might talk. I should not turn you out of doors; but if, after once showing you a separate path from my own, and you refuse it, there should be a way I have not yet tried to make you feel my resentment, I will try to find that way. Until you had the prospect of a situation, I have restrained myself, because to exhibit my feeling would be useless and purposeless. Now, let me tell you that I know something of your deceit and treachery. Thanks to your poisoning Mr. Geogagan's mind against my daughter Julia, he left in the sudden and disgraceful manner he did. You need not pretend to innocence. You were walking with him the day we went to the picnic, and your lies have brought all this disgrace about."

"I assure you it was not so. I never said a word to—"

"You own you walked with *him*, then?"

"I did," said Noddy quietly; "but—"

"Oh, you did! Vastly fine! You did! Mrs. Mucilier's upper servant and parlor-maid walked out for an airing with Mrs. Mucilier's guest! *Indeed.* Cat!" and Mrs. Mucilier bent herself forward, the better to project her indignation. "Leave the room without a word, or I might forget my own interest, and once out of the house, may be fool enough to forbid your return, even to such a reception as *I* can give you. Go!"

Noddy was too angry to cry. She went. Mrs. Mucilier's words were too unjust to stab. No one knew their injustice better than Noddy. The one bit of truth, that she had taken a walk with Mr. Geogagan, she was not ashamed of. Mrs. Mucilier's deduction from it, about its being the means of breaking off Julia's expected match, needed no contradiction. Noddy knew that, and, what is more, knew that her step-mother knew it too. The mistake of women's disputes is their predilection for hanging a quarrel on any peg but the right one. Had Mrs. Mucilier confined herself to saying she hated Noddy, and always had done so, she would have been completely justified, and would have succeeded in making her victim cry.

The 7.15 train set Noddy down at a little country station, in the middle of the New Forest, amid a wilderness of tree-beauty, with no other habitation in sight for miles than the station-master's house, and the long red roofs of Lyndhurst Union peering out from the distant green. The air was scented with flowers, and musical with bird-voices, and the golden evening haze lay on all the sombre trees, and burned them into a red misty glory. A few minutes, and a shaggy pony became visible, drawing a small phaeton out of the forest shade! The man drove up, and asked for Miss Cray.

"No luggage, mum, I think?—No. Perhaps you won't mind sittin' by me. The road is roughish, and the front seat is more springy."

So Noddy perched herself beside the coachman, and the shaggy pony began a shuffling sort of running trot, and the "carriage" began to glide and bump over the grassy forest-path.

"How far is Pinewood?" Noddy inquired.

"A matter of five mile, mum—Miss, I *should* say—but the road is a rum un."

So it seemed. Over humps and bumps in the lawny way, and the forest-path twisting and winding about among the majestic trees; the wheels singing pleasantly on the grass, grating a stone here and there, or going over a bough yonder, but the pony shuffling along over everything with a happy see-saw swaying of his head.

"Are they at home?"

"Yes'm—leastways, Miss."

"Who did you say your master was?" Noddy wanted to know something of the folks she was going to.

"I didn't say he was *no* one, did I?" He thought this too sharp, however; for he added: "He's the governor—that's what he is."

"And the child?" asked Noddy, a little rebuffed. "A girl, I suppose?"

The coachman looked at her severely.

"No," he said doggedly; "it ain't a girl. *Come* up, Peg, can't you?"—the last remark being addressed in a surly tone to the pony.

It was getting dusk when Noddy arrived. She was shown into a spacious room, comfortably furnished, but plenty of room to walk about. The windows looked out on the billowy forest, now fading into purple gloom, all save the nearer trees, which stood in a silhouette of black lacework against the twilight sky. Presently, an old lady in black silk entered the room. Not the lady of the house, Noddy judged—more like a motherly housekeeper, than that; but there was a comfortable smile on her face as she said—

"Miss Cray, I believe—in answer to the letter? Will you follow me, my dear?"

Noddy followed her out of the room, and along a cool, white hall, to a door. The old lady knocked.

"My master is within; please to enter."

Master, thought Noddy, and trembled at the prospect of the approaching ordeal; but the housekeeper had opened the door, and Noddy had to go in. The room was larger than the other; it was also darker inasmuch as the blinds were half-way down, and no lights to enliven the gloom. Noddy could only distinguish dimly the figure of a man, in a great chintz-covered easy-chair, at the far end of the room. She judged him to be elderly by his reclining as if with gout, his legs making two great bolster-like parcels in front of him. The hair that strayed out beneath his velvet skull-cap appeared white, and he addressed her in a slow voice of some firmness.

"Be seated, Miss Cray, if you please."

Norah took a seat.

"Your letter appeared to me straightforward."

Norah bowed.

"You think yourself competent for the situation, you say. I hope you have thoughtfully considered the terms in which I advertised, before venturing to make such a statement? It is a situation which will involve some amount of responsibility, as I wish to depend entirely upon the person whom I may select for the education and general oversight of her charge. I will not conceal from you that that charge, in addition to being a responsible one, may prove a difficult one—the lad to whom I refer having many objectionable propensities, that will require to be watched and corrected."

"I think you stated in the advertisement the child is eight years of age," Norah said.

"'*Turned* eight,' are the words employed. He is, in fact, 'turned eight.'"

"Then, I think there is every hope that those propensities may be subdued."

"I hope so. And in proof of your ability to bring about such a result, I conclude you can give me some testimonials, received from previous situations."

She had not thought of that.

"I have never been out before," Noddy said.

"H'm. Then your method of procedure would be tentative? That is a grave consideration."

"I would try to do my best," said Noddy, eagerly, "if the child is not too old, and not beyond my capacity to teach. I'm not clever nor accomplished, but it was your plainness in advertising led me to think I might suit. You said: 'English only required.'"

"Exactly, but the best of English. And you will bear in mind that there are many more English persons who can talk three or four foreign languages than can speak their own with correctness."

Noddy's heart began to sink.

"The advertisement doesn't say the best of English," she said.

"No, it says *English*, and only the very best can be called that."

Noddy thought of Mrs. Mucilier and of her own prospects at Braithfield, if she lost this place. She determined on a despairing battle for it.

"But the child is yet young, only eight; and I can teach him till he is ready for some one wiser. Indeed I will do my best."

"*Turned* eight—if you please. He is in fact 'turned' nine. He is at least ten years of age."

"Then," Noddy said, just ready to cry with disappointment, "I suppose I am not competent? You may know better English than I do—but you have not made a brave use of it to torture a poor girl who wants work."

"Miss Cray, I believe you are so far competent that I have no hesitation in offering you the situation. You speak truth, in spite of its being calculated in many a similar case to lose you an engagement. I therefore see you are likely to give instruction. Will you accept my situation of governess?"

Noddy hardly believed her ears.

"I will," she said, with heartfelt thankfulness.

"You have not mentioned terms, remember."

"I am content to accept what you may please to offer."

"Then I have only one other question to put. You may think it a strange one, but I shall be obliged if you will answer it. Do you know what you are?" There was a distinct alteration in the old gentleman's voice that sounded queer.

"No," Noddy said, blankly enough.

"Then I must ask another. Do you know what day this is?"

"The 29th of September."

"Then you are the biggest little Michaelmas goose that ever was!" and the elderly gentleman kicked off his gouty legs, and pitched his skull-cap and wig into the fender; "and you had better own it, Noddy!"

There stood Mr. Frank Geogagan.

"*Turned* eight, Noddy," he said; "and turned eight-and-twenty, for the matter of that. Behold your pupil! Of the establishment, you see I am the *governor*. You have already given me your promise to be *governess*. Do you wish to withdraw it?"—and he came towards her.

Noddy was utterly disconcerted for the moment, but she got out of his way. "Mr. Frank," she said, "I answered your question, now please answer mine. Do you know what you are?"

"No," said Mr. Frank.

"You are a most dreadful horrid story; that's what you are. You said you had lost all your money." Noddy was nearly crying.

"No. I said, 'all I had in India'—which was quite true, and six thousand pounds. I did not tell you I had brought four times that sum home with me."

"You told me you were going to seek employment." Mr. Frank was dodging her about the room.

"I did—you told me to go and dig—I came down here and took this little farm, and I have gone and dug, or digged, whichever you prefer."

"But you don't want a governess, after all; and that was a wicked cheat."

"But I do, Noddy. I want to be made such a man of as you can love, and you have given your word, you will not refuse. You won't take it back again? you will forgive me the artifice? For I love you as I can love no other woman."

Mr. Frank caught her up. "It is a very bad story," she said. But Mr. Frank gathered her to him in his arms; and Noddy did not refuse. He folded her to him against his breast, and Noddy did not refuse. He hushed her sobs as she lay nestled against him like a bird that has found shelter. "I love you with all my heart," she murmured, "and I'm so happy!" (in proof of which she was wiping tears from her eyes); "but you don't think I loved you for your money?"

"I'm sure you didn't, little goose," said Frank, soothing her with kisses.

"I had rather you hadn't any at all, and that we had to work together."

"Nonsense, Noddy; you have forgotten you are a little woman of property yourself. Just come out with me and take the first instalment of a quarter's interest for your twenty pounds." He led her through the house, and out into the dairy, to have a draught of warm new milk. It was from Noddy's investment—the finest milch cow on the farm.

Somehow, the comfortable old housekeeper didn't seem altogether surprised at Mr. Frank's walking about the shrubbery with his new governess on his arm; I think she must have been in the secret.

Noddy did not return to her step-mother. In three days she was Mr. Frank's wife, and as there were no cards, this is how Mr. Geogagan informed Mrs. Mucilier of Noddy's marriage:

"MADAM—I beg to inform you that Miss Cray has accepted the situation.

"FRANK GEOGAGAN.

"*Pinewood, Lyndhurst.*"

SUMMER DAYS.

In summer when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our heart was light, our step was strong.
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers and wove us crowns;
We walked mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs,
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedge-row, crossed the brook,
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon,
And in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted with no grace but song.
And plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not,
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot,
Saw angels, too, in all good men,
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not, but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone, I wander in the wood,
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight in her eyes
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong,
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

Let Sleeping Dogs Sleep.

There is a great deal of worldly wisdom in the old proverb, "Let sleeping dogs lie." How often a slander would die a natural death if one didn't fight it. Tennyson well says: "A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright, but a lie which is part of a truth is a harder matter to fight." And when a slander has, as is usually the case, the least little background of ugly truth, it is better to let the sleeping dog lie. Left to itself, the public may charitably believe the whole a fabrication; but told authoritatively that something, be it ever so little, *is* wrong, they straight begin to believe the very worst. Past differences, too, are among the dogs it is best to let lie. You quarrelled with your friend last year or last week, but the thing is over now. Don't delude yourself into thinking that since you are both cool you can go into the matter calmly and set it all right. When the subject is brought up again, and held in the light, for you both to look at, ten chances to one you will both feel precisely as before, and the same bitter words will rise from heart to tongue; and then what potion shall bid the dog back to his slumbers? When you see a member of your own household maintaining what you think a sulky silence, don't try to talk him out of it. It only leads him to express the feeling he is silently trying to keep under, and words have a curious vitality. They are a good deal more actual than looks, or than ever so sulky a silence, and you will find it far less easy to forget them. We have all heard of the little boy who pulled up his beans every day to see how they grew, and what was the fate of his garden, and a good many other things besides beans bear handling equally ill.

☞ Brigham Young has sent an order to a Boston merchant for one thousand dollars' worth of cosmetics and flavoring extracts. This is what comes of having a hundred or two of wives.

☞ Farmers are in trouble this year. Their barns are too small.

☞ It is said that Ohio has, in the past three years, imported ten million bushels of wheat, instead of exporting, as heretofore, from seven to ten millions bushels annually.

☞ Picnics in a certain town in Pennsylvania are wound up by the girls standing in a long row, while the young men go along the line and kiss them all "good-night." This winding-up business is always anxiously looked for by the girls, but is rather hard on the young men.

☞ You may make an ignorant stomach give up its poison, but an ignorant faith never gives up what it once has swallowed.

Home—Outside and Inside.

Bayard Taylor, in speaking of his house, planned by himself, says:—"I made two mistakes at the start; the first was, I allowed my thoughts to dwell too much on the *outside* of the house; fitting the internal arrangements to the external forms, instead of the reverse. The true way of planning is to make the inside first, and then enclose it." Mr. Taylor thus indicates the cause of many failures in house building, and the reason why showy mansions are so often uncomfortable homes. Men build not for their own convenience and ease, but for the eyes of their neighbors. They crucify the body and the women, in order that the pride of the eye and the vanity of the heart may be gratified. The outside, which is to be seen, controls the inside, which is to be used.

This disposition to sacrifice the useful for the ornamental, the comfort of the family for the "looks" of the thing, is not by any means confined to house building. It also expresses itself in life and education of the home circle. The true idea of home is not a boarding-house, but a private dwelling, wherein father, mother, and children are engaged in the interchange of offices of love, in teaching and learning the lessons of religion, the rules of life, and in forming habits of morality and industry. He who "setteth the solitary in a house" designs the home for the place of honor, of love, of authority, of obedience, of the tenderest relations, and of permanent, beneficent, formative influence. He intended that it should be the surest foundation of national life, and the best nursery of individual character. But modern society has "sought out many inventions" whereby to improve on the work of the Creator. God wished man to plan their homes from the "inside," they allow their thoughts to dwell too much on the outside; and form the family habits and tastes not according to the good, the true, and the beautiful, but to meet the requisitions of fashionable life. The best room is a show room kept sacred for "callers" and parties; the furniture, which ought to provide for the comfort and express the taste of the family, is copied from the last Parisian importation; the books are only so many feet of blue and gold binding; in fact, the interior of the home is arranged with almost exclusive reference to the "set" in which the family moves.

A similar blundering regard for "appearances" governs the habits, education, and the life of the family. Dress, calls, parties, and entertaining company mortgage the time up to its full amount; no leisure is left for those home duties and kindnesses, without which even the palace is another name for a restaurant, and a lodging place with a reception-room. There is no authority, no obedience, but feeble love, slight manifestations of kindness, little religion, surface education, showy accomplishments, precocious women and beardless men, indicate effects of the sad mistake which induced the founder of the family to plan his home with an exclusive reference to the "outside." We suggest that there is a call for the organization of a reform movement, whose object shall be to influence men and women to plan their homes from the "inside," and to train their families for the service of the Lord and of the nation, instead of for the admiration of a "set" and the patronizing smiles of Mrs. Grundy. Then there will be more marriages, more children, more true men and noble women, and more contentment, which, with godliness, is about the greatest gain that can be gathered from life. —*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more inquiry. Sales 8000 bbls at $5@5,50 for superfine; $5,75@6,25 for extra; $6,50@8 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for choice; $6@7,25 for Penna family; $6,75@8 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8,25@10 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—Wheat has been in good demand. Sales 75,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red at $1,50@1,60 for prime, and $1,35@1,55 for fair to good, and 15,000 bus of white at $1,55@1,70 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—3000 bus of new Western, Penna and Southern sold at $1,10@1,16 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bus of Penna and Delaware yellow at $1,18@1,19; 40,000 bus mixed Western at $1,13@1,17 for low and high mixed, and 8000 bus of hot at $1,05@1,08 ₩ bus. Oats—Sales of 60,000 bus new at 55@58c for Southern, 55@56c for Western, and 57@60c ₩ bus for Penna, the latter rate for choice bright, and 10,000 bus of old at 63@65c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of 250 bbls Mess Pork at $33,75@34, and prime Mess at $31 ₩ bbl. Beef Hams are held at $22,00@22,50. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19½@21½c; Excelsior Hams at 22c, Sides at 19½@20½c, and Shoulders at 16@16½c. Green Meats; sales of 350 tcs pickled Hams at 18½@19c, and Shoulders at 14½@14½c. Lard; sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 19½@19½c for steam and kettle rendered, and kegs at 20½c. Butter; sales of yellow in tubs at 25@26c, and poor solid packed at 15@16c. Eggs sell at 19@21c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 500 bales of middlings at 35@35½c for Uplands, and 36@36½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Peaches sell at 50c@$1,75 ₩ basket, and green Apples at $1,50@4 ₩ barrel, as to quality.

HOPS—Sales at 7@13c for New York and Western.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 ℔s, $1,40@1,50 Mixed do $1,30@1,35; Straw $1,15@1,20.

IRON—Pig Iron continues dull. Small sales of No. 1 at $40@41; No 2 $38@39, and No 3 $35@36,50; and 75 tons of Scotch pig at $41 ₩ ton. Manufactured Iron—Sales of bars at $75.

SEEDS—We quote Clover at $8@9; 600 bus Timothy at $4@4,50; and Flaxseed at $2,55.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Sales of 75,000 ℔s at 22@37c for unwashed; 56@60c for tub; and 47@51c for mixed and fine fleece.

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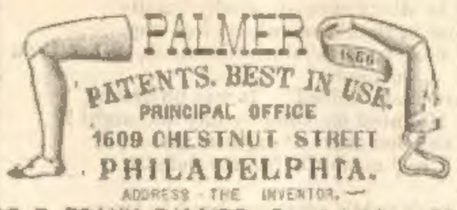

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Cat—A Study.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

The cat is the concrete symbol of a vacillating politician.

It is always on the fence!

It is the feline embodiment of one of the profoundest human principles wrenched from the circumambience of the Unknown, and hurled into the bosom of consciousness.

Nine tailors make one man. A cat has nine times the life of one man, for it has nine lives. Possession, also is nine points of the law. Behold a legal possession of existence equal to the span of eighty-one clothiers' lives.

Let us bow reverently before this august fact.

The wanderer by the midnight seashore, when the moon—that argent cornucopiæ of Heaven—is streaming forth her flowers and fruits of radiance, and the illimitable is illuminated by the ineffable, will have remarked the phosphorescent ridges that scintillate along the willow tops, until the breakers seem to curve and snort like horses' necks with manes of lightning clad.

So, oh, man, when in the darkness of thine own chamber, thou passest thine hand along the furry spine of this feline phantom of the back-yard, the electric sparks dart forth, and a flash of lightning fuses together the fingers and fur.

Exquisite antithesis of nature! The fireside embraces the ocean. The hearthstone is paved with seashells. The monsters of the deep disport reflected in glowing embers. The infinite abroad is brought into amalgamation with the finite At Home.

The ocean roars.

The cat only purs.

The billows rise and culminate and break.

The cat's back rises. The feline tide is up and we have a permanent billow of fur and flesh.

Oh impossible co-existence of uncontradictory contradictions!

The Duke of Wellington *was* pronounced the greatest captain of his age. General Grant is pronounced the greatest captain of his.

The greatest captain of any age, was the captain with his whiskers.

Let us not call this the tergiversation of history. Call it rather the tergiversation of nature.

The whiskers of the captain.

The whiskers of the cat.

The hirsute exponent of martial supremacy. The feline symolism of the Bearded Lady, crossing her claws before the family fire.

Jealousy has been called the green-eyed monster.

The cat is the green-eyed monster.

Both lie in wait. One is the fox, the other the friend of the fireside. Either is to be met with in almost every family. Each is of both sexes.

"Old Tom" gin, in excess, is one of man's bitterest bibulous foes; man is the bitterest bibulous foe of Old Tom cats. The one puts the bricks in the hat of the second to be shied at the head of the third.

Oh osculations between sky and earth! Oh lips of the Seen touching the lips of the Unseen! Oh wave of thought careering through the asymptotes of cloudland, crystallizing into angelic feel the tangents of humanity.

The stars are out at night.

So are the cats!

—*The Man Who Laughs.*

Choice of Ancestors.

It is very well known that Professor Huxley is a leading exponent of the views of Mr. Darwin. An incident relating to his early championship of these doctrines, though often related, is characteristic, and will bear repeating. Just after the "Origin of Species" was first published, the subject came up at the Oxford meeting of the British Association, in which Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, participated. The bishop is a man of elegant, oleaginous manners, who has acquired the *sobriquet* of "Soapy Sam," which he wears very good-naturedly. A lady once asked him how he came by this curious title—to which he neatly replied that "It must be because I so often get into hot water, and always come out with clean hands." The bishop closed a sarcastic speech against the Darwinians, by turning to Professor Huxley, their leading representative, and blandly asking, in the presence of the large audience, "Is the learned gentleman really willing to have it go forth to the world that he believes himself to be descended from a monkey?" Professor Huxley rose and replied, in his quiet manner, "It seems to me that the learned bishop hardly appreciates our position and duty as men of science. We are not here to inquire what we would prefer, but what is true. The progress of science from the beginning has been a conflict with old prejudices. The true origin of man is not a question of likes or dislikes, to be settled by consulting the feelings, but it is a question of evidence, to be settled by strict scientific investigation. But, as the learned bishop is curious to know my state of feeling upon the subject, I have no hesitation in saying, that, were it a matter of choice with me (which clearly it is not) whether I should be descended from a respectable monkey, or from a bishop of the English Church who can put his brains to no better use than to ridicule science and misrepresent its cultivators, *I would certainly choose the monkey!*" The storm of applause which followed showed that the hit was appreciated, and Huxley was afterwards known as "the man who had extinguished 'Soapy Sam.'"

American Customs.

Mr. William J. Flagg, in his "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," says that when in Languedoc, travelling by rail, one of his companions said,

"The gentleman is from America."

"Ask him, then," said a woman, "if the men there can have as many wives as they like?"

"Yes, madam; some of us take one, two, or as many more as we can support; but *we do it to carry out our conscientious convictions*—just as your monks, from an equally high principle, refuse to have even one wife."

"Horrible!" she cried.

"Abominable!" said a priest, who had just then turned round to listen.

"Not a bit abominable," growled a gray old farmer from behind me. "Much better have too many wives than none at all."

IRISH MATE.—"How manny iv ye down ther-re?"
VOICE FROM THE HOLD.—"Three, sor!"
MATE.—"Thin half iv ye come up here immadiately!"

Fashions and Marriage Markets.

A fellow of infinite jest gets off the following report of the Fashion and Matrimonial Markets:—Since our last report "switches" have had a downward tendency and are now on the decline. Only three tons arrived last week, and shippers and holders look blank. "Rolls" are higher, with a prospect of steady advance. The market will not be glutted for some time to come. "Waterfalls" are scarce, though the demand is limited. The great "fall" they experienced early in the season had a depressing effect on the shippers. The Grecian Bend is limited to a few first-class spines, the general public, especially the business men, look upon it with distrust, and it is feared that holders will have to re-ship. Paint and Enamel are brisk, and prices firm. Barber & Druggist report large sales, and predict a large number of antiquated, saffron-colored women. Trails still continue to advance—after the wearer get five or ten feet ahead. They will hold out as long as the wallet of Pater Familias. Corsets continue to regularly supply physicians and patent medicine men with patients. The market is "tight." Brides are now in good demand. Hymen & Love report three sales at five thousand dollars each, but as these were where "papa" was worth a hundred thousand, they cannot be taken as a fair index of the market. Holders are re-looking for better prices. Bridegrooms are a glut in the market, being displayed on every corner in the city, and densely packed in front of second-class hotels. We quote one pair of tight pants, plug hat, yellow eyes, and hair parted in the middle, at thirty cents. He was sold in bulk or the price would not have been so high.

The Ark.

The sermon on the "Harp of a *thou*-sand strings," reminds a Georgia correspondent of an incident that occurred in his neighborhood, where two Hard-Shell Baptist preachers on one occasion happened to be in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he chanced to say, "When Abraham built the ark—"

The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, "*Abraham warn't thar.*"

But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and took occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, "I say, when Abraham built the ark—"

"And I say," cried out the other, "*Abraham warn't thar.*"

The Hard-Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, "I say Abraham was *thar*, or *tharabouts!*"

An Apology.

A funny story is told of Gen. Sherwood, Secretary of the state of Ohio. The general has a sightly person, and knows it. Being at the depot in Sandusky a day or two ago, walking the platform, in a plain linen duster, he was rather loudly accosted by a friend. An old codger, sitting in a car near, overheard the salutation, and remarked to a companion that he didn't believe that was the Secretary of State no how. "Hello, you!" yelled the old codger to the general. "Be yeou the Secretary of State?" "That's what they call me," said the distinguished individual. "Waal, then," retorted the old chap, "guess I owe you an apology." "How so?" asked the Secretary of State. "Why, yeou see, this 'ere fellow said yeou was the Secretary of State, and I told him I didn't believe it; I stuck to it that you was a hog drover!" The conversation was abruptly broken off at this point.

A LAWYER, TOO.—A few days since, a well-known lawyer of Waterbury, Conn., bought a railroad ticket for New Haven, and after taking a seat in the cars, found, on looking over his change, that the agent had given him one dollar too much. He accordingly returned, and informing the agent of his mistake, handed back the money. For a moment the agent stood speechless; then he grasped him by the hand, and exclaimed: "Please stand still one moment, sir, and let me look at you—and a lawyer, too!"

PROFESSOR B——, the eminent electrician, was travelling lately in the cars, when a man came up and asked him for his fare.

"Who are you?" said B——.

"I? My name is Wood; I am a conductor."

"Oh," said the Professor, very quietly, "that can't be, for wood is a non-conductor."

☞ A worthy old salt remonstrated with a lecturer the other day for speaking "of the sounding brass." "Any lubber," he remarked, "ought to know that the lead is the thing that we take soundings with."

A LESSON IN LOVE.

Light was her step upon the stair,
I did not hear it, yet my heart
Divined her coming, knew her there,
Felt it in every throb and start.
I rose to meet her; rose yet stayed,
Something forbade my drawing near;
"Her heart responds to mine," I said,
"And she will know I linger here."

The radiance of her beauty seem'd
To make the light through which she came;
The eyes that 'neath their lashes gleam'd,
Were hardly eyes of blue, but flame:
There was no line, no subtle curve,
No graceful turn to painter known,
That did not her perfection serve,
And I had won her for my own!

Unconscious of my eager gaze,
She moved to music of her train,
The bright exotics sought to mise
Their starry blooms to her in vain:
Supremely happy in the sense
Of youth and loveliness she moved,
No impulse sudden as intense
Bidding her look for one beloved!

Oh, bitter pangs of doubt and fear!
Oh, anguish of a tortured breast!
How could I deem she held me dear,
Who was not moved by my unrest?
"Though seas divide us," she had cried,
"Trust me, my heart will throb to thine;"
Yet we were standing side by side,
And that cold heart could not divine!

The thought of happy moments spent,
Of precious whispers (not so low
But we could gather their intent)
Came back to me, and in the glow
And rapture of the happy past
I chafed to think that this might be,
That we, long-parted, met at last,
And that dull heart was dead to me!

A moment's space I moved away,
In silent anguish wholly dumb;
And in that moment, on her way
She turned, she murmured, "Art thou come?
Art thou, indeed? It was no dream,
Haunted me then by day and night!"
I saw her tears of rapture gleam,
I had no words for my delight.

Love's subtle ways are hard to learn,
His yoke is equal joy and pain,
What if rose-fetters blush and burn,
The chain of roses *is* a chain;
That precious moment taught me this,
The truth is of my life a part—
The heart will never know the bliss,
That does not rankle with the smart.

☞ A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused her, saying: "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

AGRICULTURAL.

Packing Butter.

A few years since a dairyman of our acquaintance who had been particularly unfortunate in his sales, sent for a noted butter maker to learn the secret of making a high priced article. The man came and looked over the premises, and the only advice given was, "You need a clean, sweet, well-ventilated cellar for storing butter, and it must be used for nothing else. Then get oak firkins, heavy hooped, air-tight and made just as handsome as the best cooper can turn them out. You need no change in your process of manufacture. This is all you have to do, and I will warrant you success." These suggestions were at once adopted, and quick sales, large prices and heavy profits were the result. That dairy has now an enviable reputation, and the butter is eagerly sought after.

A dirty looking package will often lose a good sale. It should have a fresh, clean, sweet appearance when it reaches the consumer, that will please the eye of the most fastidious.

There are only a few kinds of wood that are fit to pack butter in. Wood of the ash is extensively used in some sections. It contains an acid very objectionable to butter, and should be rejected. Spruce, pine and gummy woods are often used. They impart a disagreeable flavor to the butter. White oak makes an excellent package, but the wood should be thoroughly seasoned before using. Many dairymen invariably select poor packages because they are *cheap*. To save a few cents on the package, they are willing to run the risk of losing a considerable sum on the butter which is to fill it. If sold immediately, however, the loss may fall on somebody else.

The season has now arrived when great care and attention is required of the butter maker to secure a product that will go into the market sweet and good. In preparing firkins and tubs for use, boiling water should be poured into them to soak for twenty-four hours. Then fill with strong brine for two or three days, turn out and rinse with pure cold water, and rub the sides with pure fine salt. Tubs after being filled should be headed and brine poured in at a hole in the top so as to fill all intervening spaces. Firkins when filled may be covered with a thin piece of muslin, upon which is spread a layer of fine salt and then closed with the wooden cover. Store in a clean, sweet, well-ventilated *butter cellar* until ready for market.—*X. A. Willard, in West. Rural.*

Thinning Out Grapes.

Is the importance of thinning out the fruit of the vine duly considered by the majority of cultivators? I think not. From close observation, and even sad experience, the subject, in my opinion, calls for much more attention than is usually given. In young vines, this is particularly the case.

Such vigorous and hardy constituted varieties as the Concord may stand it, but even they will eventually suffer. This fault is not only to be found in the vineyards of the novice, but can be seen almost everywhere, in charge of those who know better. This then being admitted, the next question is, how shall it be remedied? Shall we prune so much shorter, so as not to leave more wood than the vine can carry safely through, or leave more wood, and then thin out the bunches?

The latter, in my opinion, will be the best, for by the first plan we get our fruit too much crowded, and throw too much force into the young canes for the following year's bearing. My impression is that when a vine is pruned to what would seem about right, the pinching out of every third bunch, at the first operation, pinching back would be the method. I would leave but two bunches on each bearing shoot, and in some instances it is better to leave but one.

We all know that the forming of the seed of any fruit is the heaviest tax on the plant. This being the case, do we not give considerable relief when we diminish this tax one-third? I think we would be safe in counting on having the same weight of fruit in the two bunches as if three are left. Some years ago we grew Concord bunches in this way, which the committee, who were to test them, would not admit to be that variety until they tasted them. For marketing table grapes this is particularly practicable. For instance, let one man take Concords that will average three-fourths of a pound to the bunch, and another have them as usually grown, and my word for it, the large bunches will command nearly double price, not only among the wealthy, but the masses.—*Grape Culturist.*

Bones for Vines.

The earthy phosphates contained in bone form an invaluable food for the vine. We were forcibly reminded of this on entering the *quinta* of a German gentleman near Monte Video, whose vines exhibited extraordinary luxuriance and fruit-bearing power. He had buried many tons of bones, fresh from the slaughter houses, in the prepared beds at three feet below the surface, and, having accidentally exposed a portion of the bed some years afterwards, it was found that fine filaments of the roots had embraced, and even penetrated, the substance of the bone, now quite softened. This may be worth the consideration of those who have never tried it.

PRESERVING EGGS.—A Parisian paper recommends the following method for preservation of eggs: Dissolve four ounces of beeswax in eight ounces of warm olive oil; in this put the tip of the finger and anoint the egg all around. The oil will immediately be absorbed by the shell and the pores filled up by the wax. If kept in a cool place, the eggs, after two years, will be as good as if fresh laid.

RECEIPTS.

BROILED MUSHROOMS.—Pare some large, open mushrooms, leaving the stalks on, paring them to a point; wash them well, and turn them on the back of a drying sieve to drain. Put into a stewpan two ounces of butter, some chopped parsley, and shalots, then fry them for a minute on the fire; when melted, place your mushroom-stalks upward on a saucepan, then pour the butter and parsley over all the mushrooms; pepper and salt them well with black pepper, put them in the oven to broil; when done, put a little good stock to them, give them a boil, and dish them, pour the liquor over them, adding more gravy, but let it be put in hot.

LIMA BEANS.—Let them boil about an hour, and when the water is poured off, season with salt, pepper, and butter. Send to table hot. Dried Lima beans must be soaked over night, and boiled two hours, or until they are soft, and should have some cream added to the dressing.

QUINCES, PRESERVED.—Choose the quinces very ripe, yellow, and quite sound; pare, quarter, and core them; put them into a little water and scald them, as soon as they are soft, throw into cold water, and put them to drain; clarify, and boil an equal weight of sugar, put in the fruit, cover, and leave them to simmer for an other quarter of an hour, then take them from the fire, skim, and pour the preserves into a pan. In two days drain off the syrup, boil it slightly, add the fruit, give the whole one boil, covered, let it cool a little, and then simmer for a quarter of an hour, after which, leave it till next day, when proceed as above, but boil the syrup more. As soon as the preserve is cool, put it into pots, adding to each a little quince jelly. A little prepared cochineal added to the above will give the preserve a fine red color, in which case the jelly ought to be red also.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—To one gallon of quinces, three pounds of good loaf-sugar. Pare the quinces and cut them in halves, scoop out the cores and the hard strip that unites the core with the string; put the cores and some of the parings in a saucepan with about a quart of water; put the halves of quinces in a steamer that fits the saucepan; boil them until he quinces are softened by the steam; then mash them with a wooden spoon in a dish, and pour the water from the saucepan on them, which is now of a thick, glutinous substance; put them with the sugar in a stewpan or enameled saucepan, and let them boil for about half an hour, keeping them well stirred.

THE RIDDLER.

A Missionary Riddle.

The following riddle is said to have been written in aid of the funds of the London Missionary Society, and hence its name. It is, at all events, very ingenious, and is said to be hard of solution:

Come and commiserate
One who was blind,
Helpless and desolate,
Void of a mind;
Guileless, deceived, though unbelieving,
Free from all sin;
By mortals adored, still ignored
The world I was in.
King Ptolemie's, Cæsar's, and Tilgath's—Pileser's
Birth-day's are shown;
Wise men, astrologers, all are acknowledgers
Mine is unknown.
I ne'er had a father or mother, or, rather,
If I had either, then they were neither
Alive at my birth;
Lodged in a palace, hunted by malice,
I did not inherit, by lineage or merit,
A spot on the earth.
Nursed among Pagans, no one baptised me;
A sponsor I had, who ne'er catechised me;
She gave me a name to her heart that was nearest,
She gave me a place to her bosom was dearest,
But one look of kindness
She cast on me never,
Nor a word in my blindness
I heard from her ever.
Compass'd by dangers,
Nothing could harm me;
By foemen or strangers,
Naught could alarm me.
I saved, I destroyed; I blessed, I alloyed;
Kept a crown for a prince,
But had none of my own;
Filled the place of a king,
But ne'er sat on a throne;
Rescued a warrior; baffled a plot;
Was what I seemed not, seemed what I am not.
Devoted to slaughter,
A price on my head,
A king's lovely daughter
Watched by my bed;
Though gentle she dressed me, fainting with fear,
She never caressed me, nor wiped off a tear;
Never moistened my lips, though parching and dry!
What marvel a blight should pursue 'till she die,
'Twas royalty nursed me,
'Twas royalty cursed me
In secret I'm sure.
I lived not, I died not; but tell you I must,
That ages have passed since I first turned to dust.
This paradox whence? this squalor! this splendor!
Say, was I a king or a silly pretender?
Fathom the mystery,
Deep in life's history;
Was I a man?
An angel supernal?
A demon infernal?
Solve it who can!

Maryland, 1869.

Geometrical Problem.

An auger-hole being made through the centre of a sphere whose diameter is 10 inches was found to consume 16-125 of its solid contents. Required—the diameter of the auger-hole. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

There are four numbers in geometrical progression, the second of which is less than the fourth by 24, and the sum of the extremes is to the sum of the means as 7 to 3. Required—the numbers.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

There is a plane triangle, whose first side is 83 perches longer than the second side thereof; and when a perpendicular from the included angle of these two sides is let fall on the third side, as base thereto, it will meet said base or third side 19½ perches from the middle thereof. I will yet add, that the difference in the squares of the length in perches of the first and second sides is found to be 9009. From which it is presumed the length of each respective side can be found.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws—
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

REBUS—"The Shadow of Ashlydyat"—(Turkey, Himalaya, Edinburg, Santiago, Hui, Alps, Damascus, Obe, Worcester, Ohio, Farewell, Australia, Sacramento, Hindoostan, Lansing, Yeneser, Daunbe, Yellow Stone, Algiers, Teheraw.)

OCHRA.—Boil the young pods in water until tender, and dress with melted butter, vinegar, pepper, and salt.

If you wish them for winter use, slice them very thin, and dry on dishes in the sun, and put away in paper bags.

FORCED TOMATOES.—Prepare the following forcemeat:—Two ounces of mushrooms, minced small, a couple of shalots, likewise minced, a small quantity of parsley, a slice of lean ham, chopped fine, a few savory herbs, and a little Cayenne and salt. Put all these ingredients into a saucepan, with a lump of butter, and stew all together until quite tender, taking care that they do not burn. Put it by to cool, and then mix with them some bread-crumbs and the well-beaten yelks of two eggs. Choose large tomatoes, as nearly of the same size as possible; cut a slice from the stalk end of each, and take out carefully the seeds and juice; fill them with the mixture which has already been prepared, strew them over with bread and some melted butter, and bake them in a quick oven until they assume a rich color. They are a good accompaniment to veal or calf's-head.